War with the Devil:

OR, THE

Young Man's Conflict

WITH THE

Powers of Darkneſs;

IN A

DIALOGUE.

Diſcovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the horrible Nature of Sin, and deplorable Condition of fallen Man.

Alſo a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conſcience*, and the Nature of true *Converſion*.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an old *Apoſtate*, and a young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the younger Sort.

By *B. Keach*, Author of *Sion in Diſtreſs*, Or, *the Groans of the Proteſtant Church*.

Pſal. 119. v. 9.

Wherewithal ſhall a young Man cleanſe his Way? By taking heed thereto, according to thy Word.

BELFAST, Printed by *Patrick Neill* and Company, and ſold at his Shop. 1700.

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By a Friend, in Commendation of these Poems.

My Muse is dull, altho I have a Will
This Book for to commend, I want the Skill.
I know not how its worth for to declare,
Few Poems *may, doubtless, with it compare;*
Not for rare elegant scholastick Strains,
Which flow alone from those quick witted Brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This Treatise read, kind Friend, and thou shalt see,
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author soars on high, his main Design
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine,
I'th Path Celestial; shews thee very plain
How thou in Christ an Int'rest may'st obtain;
Or, if in Christ thy Soul has got a place,
He to thy Joy shews forth thy happy Case.
This Poem's *like a Messenger sent forth,*
To give a visit to the drowsie Earth,
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some Benefit receive.
For tho it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with ev'ry Place and Time.
Its Message is of such a large Extent,
It may in Truth to all the World be sent:
To Male *and* Female, *low and high Degree,*
He speaks a Word to bond as well as free.

All, in whom Conſcience dwells, he lets them ſee
Conſciences great Pow'r and Authority.
When Heaven's hot Thunder-bolts with Fire and Hail
Made Egypt*'s mighty Monarchs Courage fail;*
Conſcience ſtept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is juſt, I and my wicked Train
Have ſinned: *Yea, Conſcience alſo brings*
Saul, *Son of* Kiſh, *the firſt of* Iſrael's *Kings,*
Before the Prophet humbly to confeſs
That he had ſinn'd, and acted Wickedneſs.
Conſcience made David *to cry out amain,*
'Tis I have ſinn'd: I have *Uriah* ſlain.
Tho David *ſlew a Lion and a Bear,*
And did not the great Gyant's Courage fear:
Yet Conſcience made him ſtoop and tremble too;
And more than this you'll find Conſcience can do.
Here's Counſel for Profeſſors and Profane,
Chuſe, or refuſe, here's Loſs and alſo Gain.
One Reaſon, Reader, *of this Mode or Style,*
Is that it might with honeſt Craft beguile
Such curious Fancies who had rather chuſe
To read ten Lines in Verſe, that one in Proſe.
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly ſprings
Againſt the Flame, until ſhe burns her Wings,
Is taken Captive with that ſulph'rous Flame,
With which ſhe only ſought to ſport and game:
So whilſt thoſe curious Fancies think to play
With this ſmall Piece, 'twill ſecretly betray
Them to their Conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to God's Word, the Author has his End.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the Field.

Farewel,

W. E.

TO THE READER,

In Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two Lines to thee I'll here commend;
This honeſt Poem briefly to defend
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-ſay,
And very much condemn, as if the ſame
Did worthily deſerve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verſe, they chance to ſpy,
Away profane, they preſently do cry:
But tho this kind of writing ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith Men ſo captious are in theſe our days;
Yet I dare ſay, how e'er this Scruple roſe,
Verſe hath expreſs'd as ſacred things as Proſe.
Tho ſome there be, that Poetry abuſe,
Muſt we therefore not the ſame Method uſe?
Yea ſure, for of my Conſcience 'tis the beſt,
And doth deſerve more Honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no humane Knowledg gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd into the Heart
By Divine means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Tho ſome, through Ignorance do it oppoſe,
Many do it eſteem, far more than Proſe:

And find also that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.
David, altho a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this some should abase it?
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.
And tho God giv't here but in part to some,
Saints shall hav't perfect in the World to come.

YOUTH

YOUTH
In his unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturalists *most aptly do compare*
My Age unto the Spring, whose Beauty's rare;
When sprightly Sol *enters the golden Sign,*
Which is call'd Aries, *his glorious Shine*
And splendent Rays do cause the Earth to spring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken ev'ry thing.
All Plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flourish:
The Grass doth sprout, the tender Lambs to nourish;
Those things in Winter that seem'd to be dead,
Do now rise up, and briskly show their Head.
And do obtain a natural Resurrection,
By his hot Beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleasant fruitful Month of May,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen;
The Primrose, Cowslip, and the Violet,
Are curiously with other Flowers set.
And chirping Birds with their melodious Sounds
Delight Man's Heart, whose Pleasure now abounds.
The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e'er such things come again;
Nothing but Joy and sweet Delights appear,

Whilſt doth abide the Spring-time of the Year.
Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In Merriment and Joy I ſpend my Time;
And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring.
I ſo rejoice with my Conſorts, and ſing,
And ſpend my days in ſweet Paſtime and Mirth,
And nought ſhall grieve or trouble me on Earth:
I am reſolv'd to ſearch the World about,
But I will ſuck the Sweetneſs of it out.
No Stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and Joy unto my craving Mind:
No Sorrow ſhall, whilſt I do live, come near me;
Nor ſhall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and ſuch brave Games I'll play,
And like a Courtier deck my ſelf moſt gay;
With Perriwig, and Muff, and ſuch fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloſhoos, and gold Rings:
Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight,
I do reſort with ſpeed, there's my Delight.
To drink and ſport among the jovial Crew
I do reſolve, what ever doth enſue:
And court fair Ladies that I alſo love,
And of all things do very well approve,
Which tend my ſenſual Part to ſatisfie,
From whence comes all my choice Felicity.
What e'er mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart deſire, if ſo that all my Gold
And Silver can for me thoſe things procure,
I'll ſpare no Coſt, nor Pains, you may be ſure.
Thus is my Life made very ſweet to me,
Whilſt others hurried are in Miſery;
Whoſe Minds with ſtrange Conceits troubled remain,
Thinking by loſing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I muſt them leave,

What's

What's ſeen and felt, I am reſolv'd to have:
Let every Man his Mind and Fancy fill,
My Luſt I'll ſatisfy, and have my Will.
Who dares controul me in my preſent way,
Or vex my Mind i'th leaſt, or me gainſay?
What State of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths Gallantry ſo bravely here doth ſhine.

Conſcience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your Contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the leaſt regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You ſtrive to ſtifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murther*, with ſpeed to cry:
I can't forbear, but muſt cry out amain,
Such is the Wrong which from you I ſuſtain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be ſo bold?
I ſcorn by any He, to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'll make you know,
You ſhall your Power and Commiſſion ſhow.

Conſcience.

Be not ſo hot, and you ſhall know my Name
And alſo learn from whence my Power came.
I'm no Uſurper, yet I do command
You for to ſtop, and make a preſent ſtand.
Your Pleaſures you muſt leave, and vicious Life,
Elſe there will grow a very bitter Strife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from theſe Courſes you don't quickly turn.
For all your Courage which you ſeem to take,

The News I bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e'er thou art, I'll make you by and by
Confeſs you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear, in Thought and Deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cauſe my Heart to bleed.
Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me, worſe 'twill quickly be,
You ſeek Occaſion, and are quarrelſome,
And therefore 'tis I do ſuppoſe you're come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What Violence, alas! can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your Threats, be ſtill and hold your Hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great Conſequence.
I am a Servant to a mighty King,
Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing:
Who keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know;
O'er this inferiour Court placed am I,
To act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly judg, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right:
Thoſe I condemn who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the holy and ſincere.
I order'd am to watch continually,
O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you have of late time

Com-

Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,
Of Murther, Treaſon, and like Villany,
Againſt the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your breath,
Who's King and Ruler over all the Earth.
I am his Judg, Attorney-General,
And have Commiſſion alſo you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confeſs
Your horrid Crimes and fearful Guiltineſs.
A black Inditement I have drawn in Truth,
Againſt thy ſelf, thou miſerable Youth;
Thy Pride I ſhall abate, thy Pleaſure mar,
And bring thee to confeſs with Tears, at Bar,
Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Luſt to be
Nought elſe but Sin, and curſed Vanity.
And for to put thee alſo out of Doubt,
My Name is *Conſcience*, which you bear about;
No other than th'accuſing Faculty
Of that dear Soul which in thy Breaſt doth lie:
I by that Rule Mens Thoughts and Ways compare,
By which their inward Parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or diſagree,
I do accuſe, or clear immediately.
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to ſquare your Life and Actions by?
From hence comes in your Woe and Miſery.

Youth.

Conſcience *art thou? why didſt not ſpeak e'er now?*
To mind what thou doſt ſay I can't tell how.
Thou melancholy Fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſure I'll not leave in ſpight of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come,

And in my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check'd by ſilly Thought,
And into Snares my fooliſh Fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out Murther, *only you?*
A Fig, alas! for all that you can do.
For tho againſt me you do prate and preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'll ſwear, carouſe, and whore, ſay what you will,
Till I have ſtifled you, and made you ſtill.
I'll clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoil you of your Strength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an Ear;
I'll make (in truth) as if I did not hear:
If you ſpeak loud when I am all alone,
I will riſe up, and ſtraightway will be gone
To the brave Boys who toſs the Pot about:
And that's the way to wear your Patience out.
I'll go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings too,
And e'er a while, I ſhall be rid of you.

Conſcience.

Thou ſtubborn, fooliſh Youth, be not ſo raſh,
Leſt e're you be aware you feel my Laſh.
I have a Sting, a Whip, yea, and can bite,
Before you ſhall o'ercome, I'll ſtoutly fight:
I'll gripe you ſore, and make you howl anon,
If you reſolve in Sin ſtill to go on.
I have o'ercome ſtrong Hearts, and made them yield,
And ſo ſhall you before I quit the Field.
Go where you will, be ſure I'll ſoon come after,
And into Sorrow, will I turn your Laughter.
I will prove hard Work for you to ſhake me off,
Tho you at me do ſeem to jear and ſcoff,
As if o'er you I had no Juriſdiction,

Or

Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or ſome Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I muſt you yet diſturb,
Tho you offended are, I can't but curb
And ſnib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd Courſes turn:
For, till the Cauſe be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow what e'er you do or ſay:
Unleſs your Light wholly extinguiſh'd be,
If Sin remains, Diſturbance you will ſee.
Therefore I do beſeech you ſoberly
For to ſubmit to my Authority,
Obey my Voice, I prithee make a Trial,
Before you give another flat Denial.
If more ſweet Comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from ſinful Actions flow,
Then me reject; but otherwiſe my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get Peace within whatever thou doſt do,
And let vain Pleaſures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt:
And ſince we are alone, let thee and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that Pride and Folly reign?
Which nought doth bring ſave Sorrow, Shame and Pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly
From Guilt and Bondage ſtrives to ſet you free?
Have not theſe Luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a Man unto a Piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns and Straw to lie?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoil'd?
Nay, once again, give Ear, I prithee hark;

Han't

Han't many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lie,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at Tyburn *ev'ry year,*
For ſtabbing Conſcience without Care or Fear?
And ſome alſo out of their Wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Some Men do ſtifle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play, and merry make,
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afreſh I make them roar.
Some of them I do drive into Deſpair,
When in their Face I do begin to ſtare.
No Reſt nor Peace at all their Souls can find,
I ſo diſturb and ſtill perplex their Mind.
What ſay you now, young Man, will you ſubmit?
Weigh well the Danger, and the Benefit.
The Danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppoſe, and ill intreat.
Sweet Profit comes, you ſee, on th'other hand
To ſuch who ſubject are to my Command.
What doſt thou ſay; ſhall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow ſtill thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young Man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flouriſhed in ſweet Proſperity?
Where e'er I go, *Conſcience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in Doors, nor out.
Conſcience, what is the Cauſe you make ſuch Strife,
I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life?
I am ſo grip'd, and pinched in my Breaſt,
I know not where to go, nor where to reſt.

Con-

Conſcience.

'Cauſe you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleaſures, and Iniquity.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.
My Witneſs I muſt bear continually
For the great God, whoſe glorious Majeſty,
Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a Place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful Race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn;
Whilſt you by Sin, his Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my Truſt, nor hold my Peace;
Till I am ſtabbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, tho your Heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malepert is Conſcience *grown!*
Tho I upon this Fellow daily frown,
And his Advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience, *I'll have you know in Truth, that I*
A Perſon am of ſome Authority:
Are you ſo ſaucy, as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your Ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent Age
For to give Place to you, or to regard
Thoſe things from you I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas! proud Fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high
To be ſubject to ſuch an one as I?

Thy

Thy Betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my Motions don't with Care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a Man, but I with Folly charge.
The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low Degree:
If they offend, I in their Faces fly,
Without Regard or Fear of Standers by.

Youth.

Speak not another Word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you're grown ſo out of date?
Be ſilent then, and longer do not prate.
In the Country your Credit is but ſmall,
There's few care for your Company at all:
The Husband-man, the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraightway him bitterly reprove:
Nor plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shier:
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few that care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay,
Their Swearing, Cheating, and their Drunkenneſs
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our Craft of Profit, and our Pleaſure too,
Would ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The Whores and Bawds, with the Play-houſes then
Would be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet Delight,
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your Might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Countrey-clown,
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made, 'tis clear,
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my Heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy Part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of Faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th leaſt Degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without Controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore tho you ſo deſp'rately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'll tear the Ground,
And in all Joy and Pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know
That moſt of all Mankind i'th broad way go?
What tho they do moſt wickedly abuſe me,
Wilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
What tho they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
Wilt thou befriend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till comes thy Overthrow?
What tho I am in no Requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's holy Word contemn?
Don't they the Goſpel caſt quite out of Sight,
Leſt from their Pleaſures it ſhould them affright,
What tho my Friends are toſt about, and hurl'd,
Their inward Peace is more than all the World

Can

Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilſt they with Diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my Steps.
O come proud Heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Luſt, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my Pow'r
I'll follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into ſome private Place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my ſelf, and ſecretly
There I'll enjoy my ſelf in ſpight of thee;
And thou ſhalt not i'th leaſt know where I be.

Conſcience.

Nay, fooliſh Youth, how can that thing be done,
From *Conſcience* it is in vain to run;
No ſecret Place can you find out or ſpy,
To hide your ſelf from me, ſuch is mine Eye.
I ſee in dark as well as in the Light,
No Doors, nor Walls will keep thee from my ſight.
Where e'er thou art, or go'ſt, am I not near
Thy Soul with horrid Guilt to ſcare and fear?
Could *Cain* or *Judas*, get out of my reach,
When once between us there was the like Breach?
Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Vice-roy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counſel then I prithee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou do'ſt die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, Conſcience, *don't purſue,*
Nor follow me ſo cloſe; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring, and Flower of my Age;
O! pity me, and ceaſe thy bitter Rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
O! let me have thoſe days others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they're mown;
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the Prime
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
O, that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry,
In Earth's ſweet Joys, and ſuch tranſcendent Pleaſures,
Which young Men do eſteem the chiefeſt Treaſures.

Conſcience.

After all Violence and Outrage great
Done to poor *Conſcience*, do you now intreat?
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,
But that in Truth I utterly defy:
'Tis quite againſt my Nature you muſt know,
Unto vile Luſt fond Pity for to ſhow:
God has not given ſuch a Diſpenſation,
For me to wink at your Abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I ſhall be quiet then you need not doubt:
But woe to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkneſs turn.

But

But while in you remains that legal Light;
Your Sins I can't endure in my Sight.
No Liberty God, I am ſure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give Allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The Work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy Pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prithee, Youth,
For to reſolve thy ſelf, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! ſince that you no Comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's moſt holy Word:
So far I will your Counſel take, for I
Am ſorely troubled, whither ſhall I fly.
I will make Trial, I reſolve to ſee,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conſcience* do agree.
The Lip of *Truth* can't lie, tho *Conſcience* may;
When that miſguided is, it leads aſtray.
If *Truth* and *Conſcience* ſpeak the ſelf-ſame thing,
'Twill ſome Amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earneſtly crave,
Is ſome ſhort time in Sin longer to have.
Conſcience denies it me: *Truth*, what ſay you?
Oh! that you would a little Favour ſhew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young;
Like to a Flower which is lately ſprung
Out of the Ground, and *Conſcience* day and night
Strives for to tread me down with all his Might:
Or, as the Froſt the tender Bud doth ſpoil,
So has he ſtriven to do a great while;
Muſt I reform, and all my Sins forſake?
Some fitter Seaſon then, O let me take.

For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are miſtaken now,
No time to Sin God doth to thee allow.
If I may ſpeak, attend, and you ſhall hear
I with poor *Conſcience* muſt witneſs bear,
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and ſpeaks the thing that's right,
You are undone, if you don't ſpeedily
Leave all your Sins, and curſed Vanity.
Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
And yet haſt thou a precious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for Sin to lie?
Some fitter Seaſon, Youth, doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy Mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid Evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil.
But once again, I prithee hark to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee,
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of old, God did deſire,
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice ſhouldſt give
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the Praiſe of his moſt holy Name:
And not by Sin ſo to profane the ſame.
This is, young Man, alſo thy chooſing time,
Whilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy Prime,

Place

Place thou thy Heart upon the Lord above,
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious Bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhouldſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn:
Who for thy ſake was nailed to the Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and Miſery.
And whilſt in Sin, vile Wretch thou doſt remain,
Thou doſt as 'twere him crucifie again:
Thy Sins alſo, O young Man, God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
Nought is more odious in his bleſſed Sight,
Than thoſe baſe Lufts in which thou tak'ſt delight
And wilt thou not, O young Man, be deterr'd
From thy vain ways, what is thy Heart ſo hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never ſpoke a Lie;
And fly from Sin and youthful Vanity.
Thoſe that do ſeek God's Kingdom firſt of all,
And do obey God's ſweet and gracious Call;
They ſhall find Chriſt, and lie too in his Breaſt,
And reap the Comfort of internal Reſt;
But if thou ſhould'ſt this golden time neglect,
And all good Motions utterly reject;
And ſlight the day of this thy Viſitation,
That will to God be ſuch a Provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy Door.
While terms of Peace God doth therefore affor
Subject to him, leſt he ſhould draw his Sword.

If once to anger him you do provoke; (Stroke:
He'll break your Bones, and wound you with his
Who can before his Indignation ſtand,
Or bear the weight of his revengeful Hand?
How dareſt thou a War with him maintain;
And ſay, o'er thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not reign?
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet Clemency?
Wilt thou, now Traitor-like, contrive the Death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One; (breath?
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightful Throne?
Is't not his Right thy Conſcience for to ſway?
Ought he not there to reign, and thou obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and ſoveraign Pow'r?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour;
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his Strength, yea, and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin whilſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his Skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from Sin,
When once a habit and a cuſtom's taken,
Then ſinful ways are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile Wretch, Chriſt's Goverment op-
And with the Devil and Corruption cloſe? (poſe,
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o'er thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH*'s Enemy?
For thoſe who live in Sin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are,

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his Will fulfil?
Doſt think, vain Youth, he'll prove to thee a friend,
That thou doſt ſo his curſed ways commend?
Has Sin, (which is his odious Excrement)
So ſweet a Smell, yea, and a fragrant Sent?
Shall that which is the Superfluity
Of Naughtineſs, be precious in thine Eye?
And doſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath
Not worth vain Pleaſures here upon the Earth?
Shall he eſteemed be by thee, vile Duſt,
Not worth the Pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which Men think is beſt, that will they chuſe;
Things of ſmall Value 'tis they do refuſe.
What Thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then ſinful Soul,
That thou his Meſſengers doſt thus controul;
And doſt to him ſo oft turn a deaf Ear,
His Knocks, his Calls, and Wooings wilt not hear,
Nor him regard, tho he ſtands at the Door,
With Myrrh and Frankincenſe, yea, and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice; as *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire*, and *Saffron*;
All precious things (poor Soul) of Heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To op'n the Door, for all his Calls and Knocks,
Thou lets him ſtand until his precious Locks
Are wet with Dew, and Drops of the long Night,
Thus thou doſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight,
And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill,
Tho he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet exceel,
And makes that Heart where he in Truth doth
dwell.

To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious Joy and Mirth,
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to celestial Angels sing:
The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
That it disdains, and doth abomintate
All sensual Pleasures in comparison
Of Jesus Christ, his dear and only One.
Let me perswade thee for to taste, and try
How good Christ is; for then assuredly
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praise the Lord
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and such good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise.
For none do know the Nature of that Peace,
That inward Joy, the which shall never cease,
But he himself, who doth the same possess:
O! taste and see, for then you will confess,
No Pen can it express, no Tongue declare,
Its Nature's such (O young Man) 'tis so rare;
Christ is the *Summum bonum*; it is he
In whom alone is true Felicity.
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast;
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect rest;
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For such, like Beasts, and other Mortals die.
Kingdoms and Crowns, they tottering do stand,
The Servant may the Master soon command.
Belshazzar, who upon the Throne did sit,
His Knees against each other soon did hit.
How was he scar'd when the hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the Wall, even the same
That afterwards befel? his End being come.
Great Men oft-times are filled with great Fear,

Being perplex'd, they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little Shrubs abide,
Tho Winds do blow, and ſtrangely turn the Tide.
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dies like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his Race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old;
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt Place of humane Government,
None ever found therein ſolid Content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſat down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern World, and did weep very ſore;
Becauſe there was one World, and was no more
For him to conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy Breaſt doth lie.
If Store of Gold and Silver thou ſhould'ſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy Sorrow, Grief, and Pain.
Riches, O young Man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles Wings, (row;
When Riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up Sor-
They're thine to day; alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and may thy Treaſures burn;
Or Thieves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that hath thouſands by the Year this Night,
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for Pleaſure, which thy Age doth prize,
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine Eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt,
And Sadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Brute his Pleaſures hath as well as thee,

Man's chiefeſt good therefore can't Pleaſures be.
And whil'ſt thou ſtriv'ſt thy evil Luſt to pleaſe,
Thy raging *Conſcience*, *Youth*, who ſhall appeaſe?
With this ſweet Meat I tell thee alſo Friend,
Thou ſhalt have ſour ſauce be ſure i'th end.
And as for Beauty, that alſo is vain,
Unleſs thou can'ſt the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty ſave an evil Snare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are?
And on a ſudden drawn into Temptation,
For to commit moſt vile Abomination.
That Beauty which Man's carnal Heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s Eyes;
Tho deck'd with Jewels, Rings, and brave Attire,
The glorious King their Beauty don't deſire;
His Heart's not taken with't, but contrar'wiſe
The Beauty of vain ones he doth deſpiſe.
Tho very fair, yet if defil'd with Sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathſome and vile i'th ſight of God are they,
And ſoon their ſeeming Beauty will decay:
It fades and withers, and away doth paſs,
Juſt like unto the Flower of the Graſs.
The curled Locks, yea, and the ſpotted Face;
God e'er a while will bring into Diſgrace.
Thoſe Ladies which excel all others too,
Muſt feed the Worms within a day or two;
Death and the Grave will ſpoil their Beauty quite,
And none in them ſhall ever more delight.
As for thy Age, in youthful days we ſee,
Youth minds nought elſe ſave curſed Vanity.
Soon may the Spring alſo meet with a Blaſt,
And all thy Glory not an hour laſt.
The Flower in the Spring which is ſo gay,

Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on Earth canſt thou find out or ſpy,
That will content thee long, or ſatisfy
That Soul of thine, if ſtill you ſearch about,
Till you do find the rareſt Science out.
For if on Learning once you ſet your Mind,
Much Vanity in that alſo you'll find.
For humane Knowledg and Philoſophy
Can't bring thy Soul into ſweet Unity
With God above, and Jeſus Chriſt his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is Happineſs alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet Treaſure,
Nor on Beauty, Learning, Youth, or Pleaſure;
All is but Vanity that's here below;
Truth and Experience both the ſame do ſhow.
Come, look to Heav'n, ſeek thou for higher Joys,
Let Swine take Husks, and Fools theſe empty toys.
Come taſte of Chriſt, poor Soul, and then you will
Of Joys Celeſtial receive your fill.
If thou doſt drink but of the Cryſtal Springs,
Theſe outward Joys thou'lt ſee art trifling things.
If Heaven's Sweetneſs once thou hadſt but caught,
Thou wouldſt account Earth's beſt Enjoyments
Honour & riches too Chriſt has great ſtore (naught
And at's *right Hand Pleaſures for evermore.*
Do'ſt think that he who makes Man's Life ſo ſweet
Whil'ſt he with grievous Troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath ſuch Sweetneſs plac'd,
Tho his own Image greatly is defac'd,
Can't give to him much greater Conſolation;
When all the ſowr's vaniſht of Temptation?
If with the bitter, Saints ſuch Sweetneſs gain,
What ſhall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be ſilent, Truth, *leave off, for I can't bear*
Your whining Strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy Whimſes, they're ſuch Stuff,
Which ſuits not with my Age; I have enough
Of it already, and alſo of you,
Sith you my Int'reſt ſtrive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you I was perplext,
And with ſad Melancholy ſorely vext:
But ſince I do perceive the Storm is o'er,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the leaſt approve.
No Liberty to me I ſee you'll give,
In ſweet Delights and Pleaſures for to live.
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after ſuch diſtracted People run;
An eaſier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, farewel, farewel to you.
My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,
I will enjoy, and all my Bravery.
I will hold faſt, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleſhly Mind, ſay Preachers what they will.

Conſcience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth! is't ſo in very Deed?
Wilt thou no more unto God's Truth give heed?
'Twas but my Mouth to ſtop I now do find,
That unto Truth you ſeemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I muſt aſſure to thee,
What thou haſt heard, has much enlightned me,
And my Commiſſion too it doth renew
As will appear by what doth next enſue.

Have you from God been called thus upon,
And ſhall your Heart be hardned like a Stone?
You can't plead Ignorance, O Youth, 'tis ſo,
You plainly now have heard what you ſhould do.
Your Sin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.
Your Sin will be now of a ſcarlet dye,
And many Stripes prepared I eſpy,
With which you muſt be beat, becauſe that you
Your Maſter's Will ſo perfectly do know,
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And your poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe:
You'll ſhew your ſelf a curſed Rebel now,
If unto Chriſt with ſpeed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy Sins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living God they are?
Wilt thou caſt Dirt into his bleſſed Face:
O! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent Caſe.

Youth.

Now my good days, I ſee they will be gone,
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone;
Ah that I could but ſin without Controul;
And Conſcience would no more diſturb my Soul:
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown ſo ſtrong, that little Hope is there.
But he'll prevail, ſuch Conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel,
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the Maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another ſtout Eſſay,
E'er unto Conſcience I will yield the day,

Ah! how can I my ſweet Delights forſake,
Without Reſiſtance to the laſt I make?
Conſcience, altho I ſinful am, I ſee,
There's many thouſand Sinners worſe than me:
There's none can live, and from all Sin be clear,
That I from Truth *did very lately hear.*
My Heart is good, tho it is true, that I
Am overcome through humane Frailty.

Conſcience.

O curſed Wretch! dar'ſt thou thy Heart com-
Come tremble, Soul, and it to pieces rend. (mend?
Don't I moſt clearly in thy Heart behold
Moſt horrid Luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told:
All Rottenneſs and Filth do I eſpy,
In that baſe Heart of thine to lurk and lie:
There Vipers breed, and many a Cockatrice,
The ſpawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but Stink and putrifying Sin;
Out from thy Heart all Evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend?
And doſt thou think thy State good for to be,
'Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo naught, if you from Sin don't turn,
You muſt for Sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You periſh muſt in everlaſting Pain.

Youth.

We'll ſay no more, if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto Truth *again, or I ſhall burſt;*
My Heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn

What's my Estate, my Nature; O that I'd know,
Come Truth, *I pray will you this Favour show,*
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For Conscience *doth my Soul with Horrour scare,*
Is he i'th right, O Truth! *or is he wrong?*
I find Convictions in me very strong.
What is my State? declare it unto me,
And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What *Conscience* speaks, O young Man, is most right,
And vain it is with him longer to fight:
Conscience against thee doth his Witness bear,
And dreadful Danger also doth declare,
Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th'Eternal God condemns assuredly.
And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,
Who can enough thy grievous State condole;
If *Conscience* does his Testimony give,
That you in Sin and cursed Ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted Wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a Breach;
And this be so, as it you can't deny,
What would you do, if you this night should die?
If in this State this Life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, young Man, thou art:
As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.
Conscience his Power did from God receive,
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop, or undermine,

And

And once again to ſhew thee thy Eſtate,
Thou being (young Man) not regenerate,
No God nor Chriſt have you; 'tis even ſo,
And this indeed's the Sum of all your Woe.
In God no Intereſt, Youth, haſt thou at all;
He's quite departed ever ſince the Fall,
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry Face is ſet moſt vehemently
Againſt thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring.
Each Attribute againſt thy Soul is ſet,
And all of them alſo together met,
To make thee ev'ry way moſt miſerable,
Which Wrath for to withſtand, what Man is able?
He'll ſuddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare;
It is enough to drive one to deſpair:
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious, and has ſent his Son,
He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Juſtice magnify.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear,
He's very gracious, yet he's full of Ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming Fire.
He ſent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to die,
But many miſs and falſly do apply

His precious Blood; therefore my Counſel take,
Don't you too ſoon an Application make,
Of God's ſweet Grace, nor yet of Chriſt's dear (Blood;
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood.
Thoſe who are whole need no Phyſician have,
The ſick and wounded Soul Chriſt came to ſave.
What doſt thou judg thy preſent State to be,
How do's it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my Heart doth bleed,
My Sin-ſick Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need;
My Conſcience tells me that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for Sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unleſs you do
Reſolve to leave your Sins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
Till Cauſes be remov'd which do procure,
And bring on you that Pain and bitter Smart,
Which you cry out of in your inward Part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with Fear,
Another way, O Truth! *my Courſe I'll ſteer;*
I muſt forſake all evil Ways, for I
Do ſee the Danger and the Miſery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilſt I do keep and hug my curſed Sin.
There's ſcarce a night which paſſeth o'er my Head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E'er morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My Conſcience therefore now does me compel,

To

To bid adieu to all ſweet Joy and Pleaſure,
To Lies and Fraud, and all unlawful Treaſure.
In Sports and Games I'll take no more delight,
But contrar'wiſe I'll pray both day and night.
Conſcience *has overcome me with his Gripes;*
Truth *follows him ſo with his threatned Stripes,*
The Will's broke down, the old Man runs away,
And Conſcience *follows cloſe to cut and ſlay:*
And threatens too, no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in Corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An Opportunity once more to ſet
And fall on Conſcience, *which it doth diſdain,*
Cauſe Conſcience *ſays, Corruption muſt be ſlain.*
I ſide with him, becauſe I would have Peace,
But ſtill 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe.

Devil.

What Pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon,
Or ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis noon?
No ſooner riſen, in thy Horizon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gone?
Shall Winter come before the Spring is paſt,
And all its Fruit be ſpoil'd with one ſad Blaſt?
Shall that brave Flower which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What Pity is't that one ſo young as thee,
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conſcience*, for I dare maintain
'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again.
Thy *Conſcience*, *Youth*, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a Wound,

Con-

Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My Ways are beſt, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth and things
Which prized are by Noblemen and Kings:
Let not this make-bate with one angry Frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſure down,
Let not ſtrange Thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled Mind,
What Satisfaction canſt thou have or find
But that which floweth from this World alone?
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime Throne.
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a Story,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory,
If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old Man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And ſwiftly too, your Life lies at the Stake:
And Miſtreſs Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will;
Is this a Seaſon for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* he gives place,
Our Intereſt will, you'll ſee, go down apace;
Judgment is gone already, and doth yield,
And Courage too, I fear, will quit the Field.
Some Sins are ſlain, and in their Blood do lie;
And others into Holes are forc'd to flie.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Tho *Conſcience* doth upon him ſadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove;
If I his Thoughts from Sermons can remove;
I'll make his Mind run after things below,
And raiſe up Trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former Thoughts and Fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual Appetite,
There is no Fear of any ſudden Flight.

His

His Breaſt is tender, apt to entertain
The Sparks of Luſt which long he can't reſtrain,
I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'll bid adieu.
New Objects I'll preſent unto his Sight,
In which I'm ſure he can't but take delight.
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about.
His old Companions alſo I'll provoke,
At's Door again to give another knock;
Their ſtrong Enticements hardly he'll withſtand,
They can, you ſee, his Spirit ſoon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the Cauſe that we
Can't here of late enjoy your Company?
It ſeems to us as if you were grown ſtrange,
As if in Youth there were ſome ſudden Change.

Youth.

I have not had the Opportunity,
Beſides on me there do's ſome Burden lie,
Which doth preſs down my Spirit very ſore,
And makes me ſeldom to go forth o'th Door.

Companions.

I warr'nt you, Sirs, 'tis Sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's juſt going now for to turn Fool.
Come, come away, to Age ſuch Grief belongs,
To Youth, brave Mirth and ſweet melodious Songs.
Come, drive theſe thoughts away with pipe and pot,
Sing and carouſe till they are quite forgot,
The lovely Strains of the well tuned Lute,
Where Plays they act, do with our Nature ſute.

Come,

Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping Heart of thine,
Come, generous Soul, let thy ambitious Eye,
Such foolish Fancies and vain Dreams defy.
Shall thy heroick Spirit thus give Place
To silly Dotage, to thy great Disgrace?

Vicinus.

The young Man yields, being possess'd with Fears,
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jears:
But afterwards his Head begins to ake,
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a Period to his jovial Sport.
The thoughts of Death, which Sickness doth presage
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the Rage
And inward Gripes of his enlightned Breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To hearken to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn, thou Wretch, for sad is thy Condition;
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an Ear,
And yet to Satan also thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former Station,
As thus to yield afresh unto Temptation;
Go unto *Truth*, if God give Space and Room,
Before I do pronounce your final Doom.

Truth.

Come, come, *young Man*, don't thy Convictions lose,

But

But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may waſh thy Soul in Chriſt his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater Worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,
For if that the whole World you now could gain,
And all the Pleaſures of it could obtain,
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be when you muſt die?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
O! that will be a very diſmal Fall!
Doſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How canſt thou with devouring Fire dwell?
Or lie with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural State remain,
Muſt live for ever in that reſtleſs Pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Muſt have their Portion in that Lake of Fire:
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf ſame Curſe,
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do backſlide into Apoſtaſie;
Let ſuch unto my preſent Words give heed,
Their Pain and Torment ſhall all Mens exceed.
What wilt thou do, or whether wilt thou flee,
Where canſt thou hide from the great Majeſty,
Who tries the Reins, and ſearches ev'ry Heart,
Conſcience declares that thou moſt guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou know'ſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I plainly ſhow,
Will come to paſs as ſure as God's above,

If from all Sin with ſpeed you don't remove ;
Aſſure as you do live, where e'er you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity :
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With Vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought,
You are the Man for whom God did prepare
That dreadful *Topher* where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful Place to keep.
O ! call to Mind what *Conſcience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you're ſwept away ;
Leſt you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching Flames do fall ;
What Mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long,
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong !
O ! fear leſt Sin do ſear your *Conſcience* quite,
And God alſo put out your Candle Light !
And give you up unto a Heart of Stone,
As he in Wrath hath ſerved many one ;
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the Danger of a lapſed State.
Young Man, take heed you don't this Work delay,
And put it off unto another day.
Your own Experience may diſcover this,
Man's Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.
Alas ! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They flee away like to the Morning Dew,
Like as the Cloud and Shadow ſwiftly flees,
Or, Dew doth paſs as ſoon as Sun doth riſe :
So flie thy days, thy golden Months and Years,
Much like the Bloſſom that moſt gay appears ;
And on a ſudden fades, and do's decay ;
So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou doſt unto the Spring compare;

And

And to the Flowers which appear ſo rare.
From hence, O young Man, learn Inſtruction now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how,
The Flower withers and hangs down its Head,
Which curiouſly of late ſo flouriſhed:
The Meadows clad in glorious Array,
But's ſoon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd which ſprang up in a night,
And periſhed as ſoon as it was light.
Or like a Poſt which quickly paſſeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when ſhe is under ſail,
Doth run moſt ſwift when ſhe hath a full Gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner flie,
How many little Graves may'ſt thou eſpie?
Come meaſure now thy days, and ſee their length,
Number them not by years, by Health nor Strength,
All theſe uncertain Rules you muſt refuſe,
Tho that's the way which moſt of Men do uſe.
They think to live till they old aged are,
'Cauſe their Progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And which Experience ſheweth is contrary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by,
Things ſwift in Motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a Blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt.
Thy Houſe tho new, yet it is very old,
Gone to Decay, and turning to the Mould.
You're born to die, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'd or breath'd into the Air.
And die you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you die to live, as I do ſhew.
Thy dreadful Ruine, Soul, is very nigh,

Unleſs

Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy Purpoſe now, what's in thy Mind?
Which way dōſt think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy Ways, O Truth, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to Folly turn.
I tremble at the Thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my Wounds do ſwell;
My Pains increaſe, therefore my Purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain
Some healing Medicine to remove my Pain.
No Reſt can I, ſave in my Duty find.
I unto Prayer am now much inclin'd.
God will, I hope, theſe latter Sins forgive;
Since I more godly do intend to live:
And ſo reſolve to watch, and take ſuch Care,
That Satan ſhall no more my Soul inſnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Profeſſor,
Tho far from being yet a true Poſſeſſor:
Chriſt he has got into his Mouth and Head,
And not internally rais'd from the Dead,
But in old *Adam* ſtill does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
When Satan ſees it is in vain to ſtrive,
The Soul into its former State to drive;
But that it will forſake groſs Wickedneſs,
And will alſo the Truths of Chriſt profeſs,
He yields thereto, reſolving ſecretly,
To blind its Eyes in cloſe Hypocriſy;
And ſo appears under a new Diſguiſe,

Mo

Moſt ſubtilly thy Soul for to ſurprize,
Perſwading him the War which he doth find
Daily to be within his troubled Mind,
Is ſaving Grace againſt Iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the Victory;
When it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the Work of legal Reformation
For th'only Work of true Regeneration.
Here he doth reſt, and ſeem to be at Eaſe,
When all is done, his Conſcience to appeaſe.
But I'll give place to this religious Youth,
To hear Diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

O! happy I, and bleſſed be the day
That unto Truth *and* Conſcience *I gave way.*
I would not be in my old State again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free,
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with Power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious Change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young Man, take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a Work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow Paſſage enter,
Tho far that way there's thouſands do adventure,
Yet miſs the Mark for all their inward Strife,
They fall far ſhort of the new Creature-life.
Come, let me hear your grounds of Evidence,
For I don't like your ſeeming Confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's Curſe,

And

And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,
Than 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your Swing on all Profaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of Chriſt you fix or faſten do,
'T will be your Ruine and your Overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrine's too ſevere,
For all might ſee that I converted were.
But if my grounds you are reſolv'd to weigh,
You ſhall forthwith hear what I have to ſay;
And the firſt ground which I reſolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reaſon ſoon will flie,
For moſt do ſee their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward Light,
That Sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s Sight;
But yet vile Sinners are, nevertheleſs,
And don't one Dram of ſaving Grace poſſeſs.
King *Pharaoh*, *Eſau*, yea and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their Sins, you know:
That they were Saints there's no Man doth believe;
For all thoſe three the Devil did deceive.
As he beguiled them, he may likewiſe
With cunning Stratagems your Soul ſurprize.
Nay, and he has, ſo far as I can judg,
Unleſs you do ſome better Reaſon urge,
To prove Converſion in your Soul is wrought;

do declare your State is very naught.
ow many Men under Convictions lie,
et never born again until they die?
hat haſt thou elſe to ſay, and to produce,
th ſlight Convictions are of little Uſe?

Youth.

I do not only ſee my Sin, but I
o mourn and grieve for Sin continually.
nd thoſe which do ſo mourn, they bleſſed are,
on't you alſo the ſelf ſame thing declare?

Truth.

Nay, hold a little, thou may'ſt weep amain;
nd yet in thee may many Evils reign.
nd thou may'ſt mourn for Sin, as many do,
ecauſe of Shame, of bitter Pain and Wo,
hich now it brings, and leads unto i'th'end,
nd not becauſe thereby you do offend
he living God, and wound your Saviour, who
id for your ſake ſuch Torment undergo.
ourn more for th'Evil which doth come thereby,
han for the Evil which in Sin doth lie.
his ground is weak, for *Eſau*, it appears,
id mourn and weep, and let fall bitter Tears:
nd yet you know that *Eſau* was profane,
nd far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confeſs
y horrid Evils, and my Guiltineſs;
I confeſs my Sins, as I have done.
od he is juſt, and is the faithful One
ho will my Sins forgive, and pardon quite,

And

And blot them out of his own precious Sight.
This being so, what Cause then can you see,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confess their Sins, whose Heart's unsound.
When *Pharaoh* saw the Judgment of the Hail,
His Heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've sinn'd this time, the Lord is just, said he,
I, and my People also wicked be.
Tho *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet these, when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry;
Lord, we have sinn'd; their Conscience so did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confession strait to make.
Confession may be made also in part,
And not of ev'ry Sin that's in the Heart.
Men may confess their Sin, and their great Guilt
Who the dire Nature of it never felt:
Confess their Sins in their Extremity,
When Conscience pinches them most bitterly:
Confess their Sins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those cursed Sins to leave.

Youth.

But I confess, and also do forsake
My State therefore, 'tis clear, you do mistake.
Those who confess, and do their Sins forego,
God will to them his precious Mercy show:
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain;
I for my Part am truly born again.

*** *Truth.*

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be,
Men may forſake all groſs Iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may ſome ſweet Morſels lie,
Which they may hug, and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may Sin leave, but not as it is Sin,
Which hath too often manifeſt d been.
If the leaſt Sin thou did'ſt forſake aright,
All Sin would then be odious in thy Sight,
Judgment and Reaſon may your Sins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy Will and thy Affections join,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe Sins of thine.
If Sin's not out of thy Affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt:
If Sins i'th Will and in th' Affections found,
'Tis a true Sign thy Heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Seaman ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-board ſome Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with ſtormy and bad Weather,
Leſt all their Goods and Ship do ſink together.
When in the Soul great Storms and Tempeſts riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The Soul to throw ſome of its Sins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may
Perſwade the Soul the Danger is quite gone,
And that the Work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore ſome Sins to leave,
But ev'ry Sin you muſt reſolve to heave,
And caſt o'er board, yea, and that willingly,
Or elſe you ſink to all Eternity.
Not by Conſtraint, as *Conſcience* doth compel,
As ſome are forc'd to do who like it well;

Who

Who leave the Act, but Love to it retain,
Such leave their Sins, and yet their Sins remain.

Youth.

Theſe are hard Sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed ſhould queſtion my Eſtate,
Were't not for other grounds and reaſons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious Change;
Moſt Men admire it, and do think it ſtrange
That one who lately did both ſcoff and jear
Thoſe Men and People which I now do hear;
And follow'd Vice, and ev'ry Vanity,
Should on a ſudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my ſelf alſo deny,
Of my ſweet Joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward Filthineſs a Man may turn;
And not be chang'd in Heart when he has done,
A legal Change, I grant, he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.
An outward Change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet their Hearts within be very naught.
The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the outſide of the Cup;
And Dogs may ſpew their nafty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e'er a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away, and die,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;

And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man.
But all this was in Shew and not in Heart,
And therefore had in Chriſt no Share nor Part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe Change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites and ſtings,
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whil'ſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought;
Simon the Sorcerer alſo you read
Was changed ſo, he gave great Care and Heed,
To *Philip*'s Preachings; yea, and ſuddenly
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitiff all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in Shew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy Heart;
Men in thy Life may no great Blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy Breaſt much Rottenneſs may lie;
Toward all Men thy Conſcience may be clear;
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend;
But contrar'wiſe it in your Face may fly,
And you condemn for Sin continually,
For ſecret Evils which it's privy to,
Which none knows of ſave only God and you.

Therefore, O! young Man, if you look about,
Of your Conversion you have Cause to doubt;
Satan so greatly may your Heart deceive,
That not one Dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which saving is, and of the pureſt Kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of Truth *and* Conſcience *ev'ry day.*
God's called ones I'm ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth juſtify:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent:
My Heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeems too confident, 'tis a bad Sign;
For Fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his Heart.
There is an outward and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual;
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſion's ſound;
But that thou may'ſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the Birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born anew,
And hard to find out when the Work is true.

Youth.

Tho it be ſo, what Cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?

I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith,
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to die.

Truth.

Thou may'ſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.
The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie, or ſave.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their Hearts were then inclin'd;
And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer he did believe,
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive;
But was a Child of Satan ne'er the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of Bitterneſs.
The ſtony Ground with Joy receiv'd the Seed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet their Hearts they were but Hearts of ſtone,
Their Faith 'twas temporary, ſoon 'twas gone.
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome Men can't ſay
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt Men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain.
If on a Death-bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy
The dreadful Wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light
And Knowledg too, moſt wickedly did ſlight.

This Faith will ſerve their Grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that Eſtate;
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did die,
But hard his Blood in Truth for to apply.
Men may raiſe up the Dead to Life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power and inherent Skill,
Naught doth oppoſe it more than Man's own Will;
Until almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the Dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they're quickened,
The Faith of Credence, and Hiſtorical
Is eaſie had, I ne'er deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and glorioufly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo 'twill never grow,
But in the honeſt Heart where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its Fruits to th'laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved One,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in ev'ry thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him evr'y day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy Caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy Heart;
Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part.
Men by its Fruits true Faith become to know,
And by their Works the ſame do alſo ſhow;
What Faith is thine? what think'ſt thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a Counterfeit.
Examine thy Eſtate, and take good heed
To cloſe with Jeſus Chriſt, and that with ſpeed.
For as the Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know, is alſo ſaid.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
Yet for all this you'll periſh in the End.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to join
In Fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Chriſt already ſo,
That none my Faith ſhall ever overthrow:
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul! Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
God's Ordinances many do obey;
And Members of God's holy Church are they,
And of its Privileges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly converted were:
They may diſcourſe, and ſeem to be devout;
And may not be diſcerned nor found out.
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And ſo remain till many Years ſucceed;
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand

Amongst the Goats, at Jesus Christs' left hand.
The foolish Virgins join'd themselves with wise,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise:
But e'er the Bridegroom came, their Case was sad,
For they nought else save empty Vessels had,
A bare Profession, and a meer Outside;
And did no Oyl, nor saving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers and Disputers too
Christ will not own, nor any Favour shew,
Tho in his Name they mighty Works have done,
He'll say to them, *Ye wicked ones be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile Workers of Iniquity.
You say oft-times, you seek the Lord in Prayer.
That you may do, and let fall many a Tear,
And yet not be in a converted State:
For many seek with Tears, when 'tis too late.
Others like Seamen in a Storm, do cry,
When *Conscience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And some under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievously their State do then condole,
Then Promises and Resolutions make,
That they such Courses will no longer take:
But when the Storm, and the Affliction's o'er,
They are as bad, nay worser than before.
Some pray in Form, and others pray by Art,
And some to mend the Badness of their Heart:
Their Hearts are wounded, and then speedily
Their Prayers to heal it, they do strait apply.
They sin i'th'day, and pray when it is night:
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all;
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile,

They

They silence him; yet Sinners all the while:
Their Prayers, alas! can't wash their Filth away,
Tho they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their Pray'rs they rest, and do depend.
Which like a broken Staff will fail i'th'End.
A Saint in Prayer, no Rest nor Ease can gain;
Unless Christ's Blood thereby he doth obtain;
And Grace also his Sins to mortifie,
For Christ, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrar'wise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile Hearts regard Iniquity;
And for this Cause God doth their Suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God Abomination,
Whilst they do hide and cover their Transgression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conscience or from godly Care:
And others also for vain Glory sake,
Like *Pharisees* they many Prayers make
In Sight of Men, in publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.
And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in Love, nor out of filial Fear, (show,
They with their mouths and tongues much kindness
Whenas their Hearts are fix'd on things below.
'Tis for the Heart which Christ doth chiefly call,
And Reason 'tis that he should have it all.
For he the same did buy and purchase dear,
Yet Satan has the chief Possession there.
God at the Door, and in the Porch doth stand,
While Satan may the bravest Room command.
They'll ope' to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this Duty keep,

When the Soul's quiet, and th'Body near asleep.
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are Sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their Cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you shall do.
For Men may pray, read, hear, and meditate:
And yet be in an unconverted State.
They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in Heart the Pow'r of them possess:
The Law i'th Letter keep, yea, have the Shell,
Yet feed on Husks, and want the true Kernel.
The young Man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done,
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief Part of true Christianity.
What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalilah* which secretly
Doth in your Heart, or in your Bosom lie?
Don't you to Sin some secret Love retain?
If it be so, you are not born again.
Conscience I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
Has only stopt you in your former Race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conscience* does from Sin oft-times restrain.
But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes;
And presently his churlish Nature shows.
To your own Righteousness do you not trust;
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many Evils go?
And are so holy here of late become,

Are

Are not your Duties ſet up in the Room
And Place of Chriſt? O! ſee you do not make
A Saviour of your own, for Jeſus ſake;
Did ever Sin ſinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis Sin, to it great Hatred bear?
Would you not ſin, were there no Hell of Pain;
Becauſe you know the Lord doth it diſdain?
Rather is't not for Fear of Puniſhment,
That you of late ſeem thus for to relent?
Or doth there not ſome carnal, baſe Deſign
Move thee ſo far unto God's Truth to join?
Is not thy End to get a Name thereby,
Or only done, *Conſcience* to ſatisfie?
Or done to free thee from Reproach and Shame,
Which Sin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name?
Ha'ſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a Bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward Store;
To ſave thy Stock, and add unto it more?
For riotous living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes apace, and Want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth! and be thou not unfree;
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late;
And thereby judge of this thy preſent State.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my Condition's good:
I have ſuch Hope and Faith in Chriſt's dear Blood:
Tho many Imperfections I do ſee,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me,
For many Failings there are in the beſt:
What is amiſs, I'll mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spiders Web,
Thy Flood of Confidence will have its Ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy Spots will not be like the Spots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe:
And ſince you are ſo loath for to be try'd;
And leſt you ſhould alſo ſome Evils hide,
To *Conſcience* I'll appeal, you have done wrong,
To ſtop his Mouth, and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo enlightned now, he can declare,
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the Truth, and his Opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with Care,
Of other Witneſſes no need is there.
If he, O young Man! be but on your Side,
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provide.
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With Vengeance then be ſure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.
Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King,
Require you forth your Evidence to bring.
Againſt this Man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his State to be:
Stand up for Chriſt your dread and ſoveraign Lord,
And judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But judg by Law, Chriſt's Honour lies at Stake.
For to ſpeak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now, or is he not?

What

What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give?
Is all Sin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in ev'ry part?
Or is't in Shew only, and not in Heart?

Conſcience.

Sir, ſay no more, I am at your Command,
And you ſhall hear how things at preſent ſtand.
He hath, O *Truth!* almoſt deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now afreſh receiv'd more Light,
I muſt declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd, or truly born again;
Which I to you ſhall clearly now explain.
For, firſt of all, his Faculty call'd Will,
That is perverſe and very wicked ſtill;
Tho I ſtir up to do good ev'ry hour,
Will doth oppoſe it with his greateſt Pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night,
But I muſt force him to't with all my Might.
The old Man is not ſlain, I do eſpy,
But has much Favour ſhown him ſecretly.
Tho I do force him into Holes to run,
Yet he doth nouriſh him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for Sin,
And ſo in Truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at Sin becauſe of Guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of it's curſed Filth.
When he's abroad amongſt religious Men,
Preciſe and zealous he is always then:
But when amongſt ſuch who ungodly be,
He ſuits himſelf to their vile Company.
Some Sins are left which Men condemn as groſs,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very cloſe:

Luſt doth bear Rule; and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis Shame and outward Fear doth him reſtrain,
Or elſe the Act he would commit again.
If he from outward Blots can keep his Name;
The Saints can't him accuſe nor juſtly blame,
He's ſatisfied, and very well content,
Tho to his Peace I never gave Conſent.
Peace he oft-times doth ſpeak unto his Soul,
And ſcarce will ſuffer me him to controul.
When I ſometimes do catch him in a Lie,
And do reprove him for Hypocriſie:
To ſtop my Mouth he vows he will with ſpeed
Amend what is amiſs, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And ſhew how you have hit his preſent State:
But that he will not ſuffer me to ſpeak.
He blinds my Eyes, that ſo I might not rake
Into his Heart and Life, leſt he thereby
Meet with great Shame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conſcience, forbear, you need not to enlarge
If you do lay theſe things unto his Charge,
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under wrath; who can enough condole
His ſad Eſtate! the Goſpel he'll profeſs,
But ſtill remains i'th Gall of Bitterneſs.
Is this the Saint that ſeemed ſo preciſe,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?
A Saint in Shew, a Devil in his Heart,
And muſt with Devils alſo have his Part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites ſhall be ſurpriz'd with Fear;

The everlaſting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpoſe for their ſake
But ſince you are not ſear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on:
Let us purſue him ſtill, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one Dram of ſaving Grace,
That will yet do; tho 'tis a doubtful Caſe,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To ſuch as he, who thus offend the Lord.
For ſuch whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral Miſery.
His loſt Eſtate he truly never ſaw;
Nor what it is for to tranſgreſs God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for Sin original is due.
And as he did for Sin ne'er kindly bleed;
So of a Chriſt he never ſaw the need.
Th' abſolute Want and great Neceſſity
Of Jeſus Chriſt, he never did eſpy:
But on falſe bottoms he has built, 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from Top to Toe,
And let him underſtand you are his Foe.
The Plague is in his Head, and no Place free,
But in his Heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch Blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O young Man, liſten unto me;
I will no longer thus deceived be.

I from God's Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to enſue;
For all thy Hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow;
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new Diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame, I'm ſure, altho you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly Wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name;
Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond War, and to declare alſo
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe;
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do like thee offend.
Naught he hates more than vile Hypocriſie,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not flie.

Youth.

Conſcience, *be ſtill, tho I a Sinner be,*
There's none doth know it now, ſave only thee.

Conſcience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not alſo nigh?
Doſt think, vain Youth, the interpoſing Cloud,
From God's all-ſearching Eye can be a Shroud?
Or doſt thou think God's Seat is ſo on high,
That he cannot thy inward Thoughts eſpie?
None know't but me! knowſt thou not who I am?
Have I not Pow'r for to accuſe and damn?
Should I be ſtill, it would be a ſad day,
Unleſs thy Sins were purged clean away.

And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never ſide with thee, nor take thy part.
Whilſt horrid Guilt remains in thy baſe Heart.
Nor would I mind thy Flattery or Frown,
Wer't thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy Face I would thy Evils lay.
At th'ſmalleſt Sin be ſure I can't connive,
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive.
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that Heart until I make it bleed.
A cloſe and ſecret Foe, young Man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e'er you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know.
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th night.
Which thou aſhamed art, ſhould come to Light,
I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When Death and Sickneſs comes, then thou ſhalt ſee
How thou with Horrour ſhalt amazed be.
Then my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy ſad Face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was ſtruck
Into thy very Heart, and make thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou was born.
I'll make thee underſtand clearly i'th end,
What 'tis, vile Wretch, poor *Conſcience* to offend.
Heark once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this Life's ended, there's another day.

Look

Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou doſt die, I'll bite and ſting thy Soul,
Whilſt that in Flames doth burn, and doth condole
Its damned State for yielding unto Sin,
Which has alone the Ruine of it been.
And alſo when i'th Judgment day you ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſt's left Hand,
Thy dreadful State and Trial for to hear,
Then I againſt thee ſtraightway muſt appear,
Yea, and ſhall ſpeak more plain than now I can,
Becauſe I'm clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan often-times miſled,
And utterly unable rendered,
A true and right Deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain,
Till Truth ſets me into the right again.
But Satan then ſhall no more Power have;
The Heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day ſhall you provoke and urge;
For to confeſs with Shame before the Judg,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own eternal Miſery.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great day,
Thou ſhalt not have one Word (young Man) to ſay;
Thy inward parts ſo open'd then ſhall be;
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th'leaſt from me;
And I before the dreadful Judg ſhall ſhow
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your Face ſo fiercely alſo fly,
That you with Horror ſhall be forc'd to cry;
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;

Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a Word of Ire,
And you muſt down into eternal Fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lie,
Broyling in Pain to all Eternity.
And as the Fire evermore will burn;
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return:
So alſo I ſhall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur Flames doſt rowl.
I like a Worm, or Serpent then will bite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou curſed Hypocrite.
Thoſe inward Stings which always thou wilt find;
Or cruel Gnawings in your tortur'd Mind,
Will then increaſe and aggravate thy Woe,
In ſuch a ſort there is no Tongue can ſhow.
You then will think how you did me abuſe,
And my good Counſel utterly refuſe.
And how you labour'd to put out of my Light,
Who in God's Paths would lead your Feet aright.
Your baſe Delays and Put-offs you'll repent,
And that your time ſo fooliſhly was ſpent:
That you for Love which unto Luſt you bore,
Should looſe your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous Aggravation:
To bid ſo fair for Heaven, yet to miſs;
What greater Trouble can there be than this?
To ſee the Ship i'th' Mouth o'th Haven loſt,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant moſt.
I'll tell you alſo how you wilfully
Brought on your ſelf that dreadful Miſery:
And how I did oft-times to you declare
The bitter Torments which you then muſt bear:
And what your Pride and Luſt would bring you to,
If you did not reſolve to let them go.

Ah!

Ah! thou wilt ſee how thou art quite undone,
And how all Hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of thoſe golden Seaſons once you had,
And vainly loſt, will then be very ſad (Grace,
Thou might'ſt, had'ſt thou improv'd the Means of
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled Face.
And enter'd Paradiſe, where Angels ſing
Anthems of Joy to the eternal King.
Thou might'ſt have ſung to him melodious Pſalms
With thoſe whoſe Hands ſhall bear triumphant
Who with eternal Love ſhall raviſh'd be, (Palms;
Reigning with Chriſt to all Eternity.
Heaven is a Place whoſe Glory doth excel;
The thouſand part of it no Tongue can tell.
Man's Heart, *Truth* ſays, cannot i'th leaſt conceive
What thoſe ſhall have who truly do believe.
Who would loſe Chriſt and his immortal Treaſure,
For one baſe Luſt and moments time of Pleaſure?
But if what's ſaid of Heaven will not invite thee,
Then let hell-torments with black vengeance fright
And make thee yield to *Truth* without delays (thee,
Before God puts a Period to thy days.
As Eye can neither ſee, nor Tongue expreſs
The Glory which God's Saints in Heaven poſſeſs:
So there's no Man which can conceive the Woe
That Souls ſhut up in Hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the Duſt which with the Wind is driven.
Or tell the Drops of Water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands, then might a Man with Eaſe,
Declare the Nature of that dreadful Pain,
Which damned Souls for evermore ſuſtain.
But Stars, nor Duſt, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Numb'red by any Man, neither can he

Expreſs

Expreſs the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,
Which Souls lie under in eternal Fire.
In Hell all's Darkneſs, not one Beam of Light:
What's greater Sorrow than eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Naught there is heard but a moſt hideous crying.
Their Pains end not, from it there's no Exemption,
Their Cries admit no Help, there's no Redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their Groans,
Whilſt they do make their lamentable Moans.
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoice to ſee,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon thoſe Souls that be
Veſſels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Muſt have their Portion in that doleful place.
No earthly Pain or Torment can declare
The woful Anguiſh which the Damned bear:
For if thoſe Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite Puniſhment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to ſatisfie;
And God be ſure, will Juſtice magnifie.
Didſt thou but hear the Groans and hideous Cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it ſcare and cauſe thy Heart to ake,
And ev'ry Limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come,
That God doth paſs on thee thy final Doom.

Truth. (Peace,

What ſay'ſt thou now? how can'ſt thou ſleep in
Until theſe inward Gripes of *Conſcience* ceaſe?
How can'ſt thou think i' th' leaſt thy State is good,
When *Conſcience* ſwells and makes ſo great a Flood?
Or raiſes Storms and Tempeſts in thy Breaſt?
Because of Sin he will not let thee reſt.

Come,

Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread.
What will you do at Death and Judgment day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make Peace with God, for worſer are his Cries,
Than if ten thouſand Witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul, 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some Comfort, Truth, alas! my Soul doth melt,
Such Gripes as theſe what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my State is very naught,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which can'ſt my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your Wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent Eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Do'ſt know what time thou didſt this Wound receive?
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venemous:
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The Sting or Dart ſticks faſt into thy Liver.
Which doth thy Smart and bitter Pains procure.
Thy State is bad, thou haſt thy mortal Wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee is ſound.
If thou could'ſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are

Of

Of former Crimes, Treaſon, and Felony,
And Juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry;
Nor will ſhe Pardon, or Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth:
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th'day of Execution doth draw on:
Nought is between thee and eternal Death,
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not Chriſt Jeſus ſpare;
But Juſtice he might fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be Man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no Share nor Part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad Condition,
Truth *I believe, hath made a right Deciſion.*
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Tho in my Heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
O! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil,
Is this the Fruit of your ſweet pleaſing Evil?
And thou falſe World, what art thou now to me?
For I alas! am ruined by thee.
O whither ſhall I fly? what Path untrod
For to eſcape th'incenſed Wrath of God?
Will none for me ſome ſecret Place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance cloſe may hide.

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a Place
To hide from God, ſuch is thy bitter Caſe.
If to the Ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you purſue with Hue and Cry:

If

If you ſhould take a ſudden haſty flight;
To ſeek ſome ſhelter in the ſhades of Night;
'Twould alſo fail thee, tho it ſhould be done;
For unto God Darkneſs and Light is one.
Or, if thou could'ſt ſome ſolid Rock eſpy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majeſty.
Can Rocks, do'ſt think, prevent, yea, or reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Which can from Vengeance ſhelter thee or ſave.
The Sea would part, the hardeſt Rock will ſplit:
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery Darts muſt hit.
Can'ſt thou eſcape? alas! what Place is there
To hide from him who's preſent ev'ry where?

Youth.

O Truth! *what ſhall I do, how can I ſtand,*
Or bear theſe Tortures of God's heavy Hand?
My Spirit may Infirmities ſuſtain,
But who can bear this inward cutting Pain?
Is there no Help, no Salve to heal my Wound;
What, no Phyſician for me to be found?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Faſtings, nor hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and ſin no more.
O what is Sin, and what's my gangrene Sore?
O what's the Nature of Iniquity,
If naught my Soul can cleanſe or purify?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchaſe Health.
Ah! I am loſt! the Cauſe is truly ſo,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
O! muſt I die in this Extremity?

***

Truth.

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very Heart?
And doth my Searchings make thy Wounds to smart?
Doth Sin, as Sin, upon thy Spirit lie?
And doth its Weight and Burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no Help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy Loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but Dross?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in Doubt
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My Heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse.
I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread
That I in Sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O Truth, *I hope is wrought in me,*
Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again;
Were there no Hell or Place of future Pain:
O that e'er I against the Lord should sin,
Who has to me so good and gracious been!
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid Evil often done.
O! I do see that I in Sin am dead,
And my Iniquity's gone o'er my Head;
As a great Burden which I cannot bear;
O! that I might but of a Saviour hear;
All my own Righteousness I prize no more
Than stinking Refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

Truth.

Come, Youth, chear up, if this be ſo indeed,
I tell thee then, Chriſt for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad Tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Chriſt to appeaſe God's Wrath did hither come,
And I am ſent by him to call thee home.
Riſe up, riſe up, his Blood for to apply,
And thou ſhalt ſoon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou do'ſt ſay
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.
Alas! on me a mighty Burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor Power have to riſe.
Can Lazarus, *who in the Grave doth lie,*
Death's cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands untie?
Can he awake? what Pow'r has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Altho dead but four days: then how ſhall I
Who have lay'n dead in my Iniquity
Ever ſince Adam *(as it plain appears)*
Which is indeed above five thouſand Years?
Jehovah *which at firſt my Heart did make,*
Muſt by his Pow'r it into Pieces take;
That ſo he may create my Heart anew,
E'er good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he muſt give me Pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe me up, e'er I can creep or go.

Truth.

Tho that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counſel which I'll give to thee;

*** And

And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy Feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great Care
In ev'ry thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.
In ev'ry Nation thoſe accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving Help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond Place
For to attend upon all Means of Grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's bleſſed Word,
But prize each Seaſon which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much Good will flow.
My third Advice make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high:
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'll prevail, tho he at firſt ſay nay.
Tho you at firſt may with Repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah's* Feet;
He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain
E'er he comes forth to eaſe you of your Pain.
Thy Prayers and Tears, and ſpiritual Contrition
Will move his Heart to ſend thee a Phyſician,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound:
Chriſt's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purify
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.

Such Grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood,
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a Look,
Tho thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook?
Into thy Wounds he'll pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.
O cry to God, my Siſter *Grace* to ſend,
'Tis ſhe at laſt will prove thy ſpecial Friend.
If God is pleaſed but to ſend her down,
Thy Head with Glory ſhe will ſtraitway crown.
But here I'll advertiſe thee firſt of all,
Be ſure you do for the right Siſter call:
For there are two, and both of one Sirname,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame,
The one is common, th'other chaſte and pure,
And will be true to thee thou may'ſt be ſure.
The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow change where ſhe doth dwell,
And will all Filth out of that Heart expel:
Where ſhe doth take up her ſure reſting Place;
Rare is the Nature of true ſaving Grace.
Thy ſtubborn Will ſhe'll make for to ſubmit,
And thy Affections change as ſhe thinks fit.
Thy Heart ſhe can new mold, and make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high and ſinful Thought.
The old Man ſhe will into Pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil to a ſpeedy Flight;
She'll make him leave his ſtrongeſt Hold, and run,
And quite forſake his former Garriſon.
She'll take no Pity on the old Man's Age,
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage;

And

nd curſed Malice, Pride, and ev'ry Sin;
Which of long time he has the Author been.
'Tis ſhe can work upon the Covetous,
And change his Heart to keep an open Houſe;
To give and to diſtribute of his Store
To th' cloathing and refreſhing of the Poor.
'Tis ſhe brings down the proud and lofty Mind,
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
'Tis ſhe can tame the wild ſtrong-headed Youth;
And make the Liar always tell the Truth.
'Tis ſhe which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not Revenge to ſeek.
'Tis ſhe which quenches young Mens luſtful Fire,
And makes them to diſdain that baſe Deſire.
'Tis ſhe will make my Soul for to deſie
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocriſie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give Peace
And inward Joy, which never more ſhall ceaſe.
'Tis ſhe muſt put Chriſt's bleſſed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis ſhe muſt thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Chriſt Jeſus Eye.
O! ſhe'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love
To Chriſt alone, which none ſhall e'er remove.
'Tis ſhe which ties that conjugal bleſt Knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis ſhe that makes Chriſt and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very Fleſh and Bone.
'Tis ſhe will help thee in this time of Need,
Yea, a Diſciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee I alſo muſt declare,
Thou of this Grace ſhalt have a Part and Share.
Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
He can't thy Soul of ſaving Grace deny;

Give him no Reſt, till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the ſecond Birth.
Be earneſt with him, ſtrive to hold him faſt,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at laſt.
Tho he at firſt may ſeem to ſtop his Ear,
Yet Importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm ſure it is the time of Love,
And thy deep Wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to caſt an Eye,
As thou polluted in thy Blood doſt lie:
What e'er is needful to thee, he will give,
And raiſe thee up to Life, and make thee live:
Yea, manifeſt to thee ſuch Conſolation,
As for to clothe thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a Trial, and do not deſpair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy Help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counſel I reſolve to take with ſpeed,
If 'twas for me Chriſt on the Croſs did bleed;
I will ſend up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
And earneſtly implore his gracious Throne.
Moſt holy God, who dwelleſt in the Light!
Ah! what am I before thee in thy Sight?
Wilt thou attend, or liſten to my Cry?
Thou know'ſt my Grief, and where my Pain doth lie.
Canſt thou not eaſe my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my Blood am forc'd to lie and roul?
Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Chriſt Jeſus ſhed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its Grief,
Then let me periſh without all Relief.

Why

Why were thy Sides pierced? Lord Jesus, why?
Didst suffer for thine own Iniquity?
There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee
That caus'd thy Pains; didst thou not die for me?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfie,
And pay the Debt? must I in Prison lie;
When Restitution's made in th'highest Degree?
O! come and set my Soul at Liberty.
Knock off these Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and Bands of Death.
Lord, must I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy said Wounds? can Justice challenge more?
O! shall my Heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan:
Languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.
Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my present Wants supply?
Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne'er unlock?
Lord, Open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me, some Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What Voice is this? who is't that makes this Cry?
What sinful Wretch is in Extremity,
That thus implores for Help, and follows me?
That takes no nay, altho I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to *Jacob's* Race?
How com'st thou then to have so bold a Face.

To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the Stock of *Israel*?
Come you not of the curſed *Gentile* Seed?
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and ſome Compaſſion ſhow,
For to whom elſe, or whither can I go?

Jeſus.

Is't meet that I ſhould give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children ſhould be nouriſhed?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever ſhall,
Yet may the Dogs eat up thoſe Crumbs which fall
From their own Maſter's Table: tho a Whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jeſus.

What aileſt thou, poor Soul, what's thy Condition?
Which makes thee ſhed theſe tears of ſad contrition?

Youth.

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,
Lord, thou doſt know, and all my Wants doſt ſee.
Ah! I have ſinn'd, and am ſo vile and baſe,
I hate my ſelf, and loath my preſent Caſe.
I am a Lump of Filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languiſh, Lord, my Wounds they are not ſmall;
And I have wounded thee, that's worſt of all.

Jeſus.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on Fire,
My Bowels yern, I longer can't refrain
From Tears, as well as thee I am in Pain:
Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter Cry
Doth pierce my Heart, I know thy Misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy Mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, open thy Heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy Suit to grant, thy Wants for to supply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by Men so prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a Blast, and all the World's a Bubble;
There's nothing in't can ease me of my Trouble.
Such is my State, nought but thy Hand can save;
'Tis thou must raise dead Laz'rus from the Grave.
Knock off these Bolts, and set thy Prisoner free,
And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O spare my Soul, but crucifie the Flesh;
Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
There's nought I see, will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
How has my panting Breast sent many Groan,
With bitter Tears, up to thy gracious Throne,

For one ſweet Look and Aſpect of thine Eye?
There's nothing elſe which will me ſatisfie:
O! manifeſt thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and ſoon make me whole.
My gaſping Soul's diſſolved into Tears,
While pleas'd with Hopes, and yet poſſeſs'd with Fears:
My great Requeſt, alas! is only this,
Come ſeal thy Love to me with a ſweet Kiſs:
For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I eſteem or value like thy Love.
A Promiſe grant, ſome Word to lie upon,
Before my Life and little Hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou doſt ſee,
Becauſe I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am ſo vile;
Thy Frowns I do deſerve, but not one Smile.
How did I grieve, and put thy Soul to Pain!
The Thoughts of it doth cut my Heart in twain;
Thy Meſſengers how did my Soul refuſe!
And my poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe,
Who did receive Commiſſion from above,
Either to clear, or ſharply to reprove!
I unto Truth *oft-times turn'd a deaf Ear,*
And unto Satan rather did embrace,
I ſlighted thee, and Sin I did adhere.
Which ſhames me greatly to look in thy Face.
If thou ſhould'ſt pardon ſuch an one as I,
And ſave my Soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a Contract of Love,
And all thy Wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond Degree,
And ſuch which never can expreſſed be.
O, wilt thou ſpeak again! dear Saviour, do,
A Promiſe, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jeſus.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul, canst thou be-
And stedfastly my Benefits receive? (lieve,
Dost think that I have Power and a Heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send Relief,
Lord, I believe, O help my Unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my Doubts and all my Fear.
If Love as well as Pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me Joy, and take away my Woe.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate;
And yet may it be in a dying State.
Over Jerusalem *thou didst lament,*
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded Breast
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have Rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will die,
Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending. (Heart,
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my
What e'er is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy Scarlet Sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy Charge I'll lay.
Pull up thy drooping Heart, be of good Chear,
Thy Sins tho ne'er so great, forgiven are.

I able am to save to th' uttermost
All those who do in me put all their Trust.
Those which do come to me, I in no wise
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine Eyes:
Behold my Hands and Feet, and do not doubt,
For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy Debts I've pay'd, and quitted the old Score,
Thy former Faults I'll ne'er remember more.
Enter the royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd
Fountains of Pleasure, holy Love unstain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in eternal Love:
What's here below? thy Treasure is above.
Chear up, poor Heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My Blood was shed to save that Soul of thine:
With endless Joys thy Soul I'll satisfie,
And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'll never thee forsake:
F' th' Fire and in the Water I'll be near,
And help thee through all Grief and Troubles here:
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
And Death at last I'll cause to be thy Friend,
And make its Passage also unto thee
Only an Entrance to Felicity.
Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' Brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim,
And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
And on the Throne also sit down with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove
My Heart from thee, for those I truly love,
I love to th' end: Ah Soul! 'tis thou shalt lie
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, Day-light begins to ſpring;
Heaven's Melody I find's the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And gloriouſly enlightens my dark Earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful Sight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with Love and true Delight.
My Heart is melted with celeſtial Fire,
And has obtain'd at length its own Deſire,
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot Beams from Jeſus doth obtain:
The Door is open'd, Chriſt has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and has diſſolv'd the Rock.
My Heart which was ſo hard is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'ercome me now, and won the Field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What Joy is this? Ah! 'tis beyond all Meaſure:
There's nothing like to inward Joy and Pleaſure.
As was my Burden, ſo I find my Reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What Heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent Joys,
And not account Earth's Pleaſures empty Toys,
Such is the Nature of a ſecond Birth,
Makes Heaven on Earth, turns Sorrow into Mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſeleſs, bewitch'd, nay mad,
I thought in Chriſt no Comfort could be had:
Religion was, I thought a fooliſh thing,
Which could no Pleaſure nor no Profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my Miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,

Any Deriſion or Affliction bear ;
Such inward Peace in him, and Joy is there.
What Man would not all earthly Glory ſlight,
For one ſmall Dram, or taſte of ſuch Delight?
To have Chriſt's Love, and in his Boſom lie ;
Yields true Content, and ſweet Felicity.
Ah happy I, I live ! my Soul's involv'd,
In ſecret Raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt, my Home and reſting Place,
For to enjoy and ſee him Face to Face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help me, Lord, thy Praiſe for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my Voice on high !
Let joyful Hallelujahs *pierce the Sky;*
And ecchoback again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond Birth :
Let me with the celeſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the World to ring !
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of the loweſt Pit,
And in the Paths of Sion *ſet my Feet !*
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine Eyes thou haſt reſtored Sight !
Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from eternal Death,
And ſhall not I, thy Praiſes, Lord, ſing forth ?
O let my Tongue, my Heart, and Life make known
The Favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown !
Let me aloft, by thy beſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy Praiſe with the celeſtial Quire.
With ſwift-wing'd Cherubims, *Lord, let me join,*
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not Remainders of the Fleſh diſturb
My precious Peace that's new : O do thou curb,

Yea,

Yea, kill and crucifie each evil Thought,
With Vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought,
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent Praiſe.
And then, great God, when theſe ſhort days are o'er,
With Seraphims *I'll ſing for evermore.*

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe Voice is this that ſoundeth in mine Ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſweet Wings aloft doth mount and fly;
And in eternal Love ſeems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its Reſt
At Jeſus Chriſt's ſweet ſatisfying Breaſt,
And breaking forth in Raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble Thankfulneſs?

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt Truth, *the Conqueſt now is won,*
Grace *has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd one:*
My Grief is turn'd to Joy, yea, and my Night
Is alſo chang'd into eternal Light.
Thy Power's great when Grace *doth work with thee,*
Ye ſoon do then obtain the Victory.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou wert ſent,
To change my Heart, and move me to repent,
Dear Love to thee, O Truth, *I ſhall retain*
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'll keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my Heart,
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'll loſe my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy Company.

Tho Satan ſtirs up Foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of my Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand Deaths to die,
Before I will God's bleſſed Truth deny.
Tho of Deceivers there's a Multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude:
Tho they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn,
I by Experience can refute all them,
Who ſay thy Words nought but dead Letters are,
Which Men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The outſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward Power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as often-times they do:
But ſoon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which Conſcience *unto me doth give,*
I'll always own as long as I do live;
But from God's Word doth its chief Light deſcend,
Therefore the holy Scriptures I'll commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our Hearts,
The Heathens which do live in forreign Parts,
Who never heard of Chriſt, might underſtand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we ſhould have been unto this day,
In all reſpects as ignorant as they.
But I'll forbear, becauſe I muſt with ſpeed
Attend upon God's Truth with Care and Heed;
To hear what he will ſay; O Truth! *wilt thou*
Concerning me ſhew forth thy Judgment now;
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For ſtill I do retain a Jealouſy
Over my Heart, becauſe that I have ſeen
How I deceived often-times have been.

Truth.

Truth.

Conſcience; to thee I muſt once more deſcend,
The Controverſie thou alone muſt end:
How is it with him now? what doſt thou ſay?
Haſt any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have ſhown,
And let thy preſent Thoughts with ſpeed be known.

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive.
And never was more free than now am I
My Thoughts to ſhew; your Suit I can't deny.
O Sir! the Caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd Corruption in his Heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in evr'y Part;
My Teſtimony you may take for Truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly godly, faithful and ſincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my Witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul defie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his Delight.
There's no Command of Chriſt's, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without Excuſes, Puts-off, or Delays,
He grieveth moſt for Sins that ſecret are,
Which unto Men do not i'th leaſt appear.
He's more in Subſtance than he is in Show,
When high'ſt in Joy, his Heart is very low.

All

All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his Sight,
He's firſt with him i'th' Morn, and laſt at Night.
He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e'er is his but Droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt Enjoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full Dignity.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My Part always, what e'er he doth ſuſtain,
He'll rather ſuffer than would make me gain.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'll own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'll give away
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignity in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no Controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby Chriſt's Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

O! happy young Man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Love
Of thy eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet Breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honour's laſting, now it can't decay.
Thy Treaſure's ſure, Thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond Thought or Conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without Deceit.

Thy

Thy Strength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall fade,
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made.
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt reign to all Eternity.

Vicinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs,
The inward Peace this young Man doth poſſeſs;
Whilſt to his Joy he clearly doth eſpy,
The bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's freed from Bondage and Captivity.
Chriſt's Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
With his dear Saviour of eternal Bliſs:
What Conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with Joy and true Delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his Might;
With ſtrong Aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates, and mitigates his Joy;
But Satan failing in his Enterpriſe
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious Threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his Venom and his helliſh Wrath,
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Hark, hark, thou curſed Wretch, Vengeance is mine,
And I'll repay't upon that Soul of thine,
In dreadful Wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again ſubmit to me;
Will not my ſhining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright

To

To leave thoſe curſed Ways in which you go?
Then I'll ſome way contrive your Overthrow.
Tho out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at preſent to retreat;
Yet I'll return like to a Lion ſtrong,
And break thy Bones in pieces e'er be long.

Youth.

Father of Lies, doſt think I dread thy Frown?
'Tis paſt thy Skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy Head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy Wrath and curſed Spight;
Chriſt's Power is mine, who ſtronger is in Might:
Me he'll not leave, tho tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me.
What Matter is't altho thou art inrag'd,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is engag'd,
To ſide with me always, and take my part?
Tho thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'ercome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his beſt Command.

Devil.

But I have ſo much Craft and Subtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:
Tho thou doſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'll by Temptation move thee to offend
Him e'er't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's Anger you he'll caſt off utterly:
And then I'll tear and rend you as I liſt;
And you ſhall have no Power to reſiſt.

Youth.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the Thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, tho thou doſt entice,
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly Vice:
But if through Weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In Bowels he'll to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate, God will paſs by
All Sins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Altho he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your Hopes will fail, alas! black Clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your Steps will quickly ſlide:
Your Morning's bright; but ſoon 'twill overcaſt,
And all your Joy will ſcarce a Moment laſt.
Tho *Truth* doth now thy preſent State commend,
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' End.
That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'll die and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy State,
With Malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter Hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſheweſt thy wicked Spight,
But thy vile Teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious Frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy Morning's turned into Night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnared Thoughts? I thee deſie;
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tie,

Or

Or Covenant which Christ with me has made,
My Standing's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this Work begun
Will finish it I'm sure, e'er he has done.
There's near a Lamb or Sheep of his dear Fold,
But he will keep, he has of them such hold,
That in the midst of Danger they shall stand;
And none shall pluck them out of his strong Hand:
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
Till they are safely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am plac'd,
And my Foundation never can be raz'd;
Tho Mountains should depart, and Hills remove
Yet Christ will never change in his dear Love.
Nor cause his Covenant of his lasting Peace
To be remov'd, nor his sweet Mercy cease,
The Truth *and* Conscience *both joyntly agree,*
That the new Birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' immortal Seed I'm sure, must needs bring forth
A Babe immortal, and my heavenly Birth
Doth shew to all, and clearly signifie,
I cannot perish in Apostasie.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or else Christ's Body a strange Monster were.
As sure as he's in Heaven, so shall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My Words I see no Place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil Mind:
I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curse,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worse
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake,
And let all those who love me, Vengeance take

Upon

Upon ſo vile a Wretch: and tho I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance ſhall repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which help't my Soul in ſuch a needful hour
Of ſtrong Aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'ſt me to reſiſt him, and he's gone,
Therefore, dear God, be pleaſed to inflame
My Heart with Grace to magnify thy Name:
And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy Truth alſo for me appear:
Tho I am young and weak, I ſhall thereby
Not fear th' Aſſaults of any Enemy.
Come, ſpeak, O Truth! *wilt thou be on my Side,*
'Tis in thy Strength I very much confide.
Tho I am feeble, thou art mighty ſtrong;
And whilſt for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, ſupport thee whilſt on Earth,
And ſave thee from the Rage of Hell and Death:
I will aſſiſt thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from Hurt and Harm:
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and ſlay
All curſed Enemies who thee gain-ſay.

Grace.

If *Truth* ſhould fail, I will thy Wants ſupply,
Thou need'ſt not doubt of my Sufficiency;
Light I will be in Darkneſs, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring Relief.

If always thou doſt on my Arm rely,
The Devil will be forc'd with ſpeed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the End.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Chriſtian Strife,
And bring thee ſafe to everlaſting Life.

Conſcience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an Hand;
We'll all combine to make a tripple Band.
A threefold Cord can't eaſily broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thine Adverſity.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'ſt to fear;
So long as I for thee my Witneſs bear.
That thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy Ways do with his Word accord,
The evil Foe ſhall be aſhamed quite,
Whilſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilſt I declare thy Heart is truly ſound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'll feaſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy:
My ſweeteſt Wine alſo I'll keep to th' End,
At Death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in ev'ry thing,
His Glory is thy Aim, from thence doth ſpring
All Service thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford,
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou doſt come to die.

The young Man's experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles Wings,
And unto thee, dear God, ſhe ſings,
Since thou art on my Side,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou makeſt rich by making poor:
By Poverty add'ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole;
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou mak'ſt Men blind by giving Sight,
And turn'ſt their Darkneſs into Light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloth'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giveſt Food when none is there;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou killeſt by making alive,
By dying doſt the Soul revive,
Which none can do beſide;
Thou doſt raiſe up by pulling down,
And by abaſing thou doſt crown,
Thy Name be glorify'd.
By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet;
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet,

I'th'

I'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs Tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green Tree doſt overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
The conquered the Conqueſt gains;
By being beat, the Field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord, while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond Birth,
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou mak'ſt Men wiſe, by coming Fools,
By emptying thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
By making weary thou giv'ſt Reſt;
That which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt,
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou art far off, and alſo near,
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
And on the Clouds doſt ride.
O! thou art Love, and alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy Sight;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon thy mighty Flood,
By whom all Hearts are try'd;
Tho thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience.

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth ſpeak to me,

And I will to his Motions bend,
Altho that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conſcience* in my Face doth ſmile.
My *Conſcience* now doth give me Reſt,
My Burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old Bands of Miſery.
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conſcience* doth with precious Food
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its Dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful Sweets I do defy:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My Wants, and feaſt me till I die.
My *Conſcience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much poſſeſt with Grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me Joy and ſweet Relief:
Tho Troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have Peace.
When others to the Mountains fly,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand:
A Place of Shelter there have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its Hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's overpaſt.
At Death, and in the Judgment day
What would Men give for ſuch a Friend?
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'll it repent I'm ſure i'th' End:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry;
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An Hymn on the ſix Principles of Chriſt's Doctrine.
Hebrews 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe ;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truly him receive
As my Dread Lord and Soveraign;
Him always to obey ;
And in things over me to reign,
And govern night and day.
Chriſt's Baptiſm is very ſweet,
With laying on of Hands :
My Soul is brought to Jeſus Feet
In owning his Commands.
Thoſe Ordinances Men oppoſe :
And count as carnal things ;
I have clos'd with, and tell't to thoſe,
From them rare Comfort ſprings.
My precious Lord I muſt obey,
Tho Men reproach me ſtill ;
I'll do what ever Chriſt doth ſay,
And yield unto his Will.
On Chriſt alone I do rely,
Tho Men judge otherwiſe ;
Becauſe I can't God's Truth deny;
I am reproach'd with Lies.
Let them deride, yet for Chriſt's ſake
Reſolved now am I
In his own Strength the Croſs to take,
Yea, and for to him to die,
Before I'll ever turn my Back
On him whom I do love ;
For I do know I ſhall not lack

His Presence from above.
For he has promis'd to the End,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.
What ever Men or Devils do
in secret Place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.
The Resurrection of the Dead
I constantly maintain;
When all those which lie buried,
Shall rise to Life again.
And that the Judgment-day will come,
When Christ upon the Throne
Shall pass a black eternal Doom,
Upon each wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
with Bowels he'll embrace;
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'll place,
And in the Kingdom shall they reign,
Prepared long before,
And also shall with Christ remain,
In Bliss for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to shine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more;
Meer Darkness was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my Sin,
Had day without, but night within.
My former days I did compare

Unto thee ſweet and lovely Spring,
I thought that time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me.
My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My Heart was cold as any Stone,
My Leaves were off, my Sap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is he;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his ſweet Beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the Day.
How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the Morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light
Are vaniſht quite out of our Sight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
By his ſtrong Beams and glorious Rays,
The Light from Darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me clear ſhining days.
Tho Fogs appear, and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine Eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark Confuſion would be here,
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seamen do to ſteer?
My Soul's the World, and Chriſt's the Sun

If he shines not, I am undone.
In Winter things hang down their Head,
Until *Sol*'s Beams do them revive;
So I in Sin lay buried,
Till Jesus Christ made me alive:
Alas! my Heart was Ice and Snow,
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow.
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light on me, I could not find
No Heat within my inward Part;
Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a lively one.
In nat'ral Men there is a Light,
Which for their Sins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given, it is clear,
To guide Men who in Darkness are;
The Sun for Brightness doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Where there is but little need,
When Sun doth shine towards high Noon,
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The Law God gave to *Israel*.
All those who do the Gospel slight;
And rather have a Legal Guide;
The Sun's not risen in their Sight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel-Sun
Above the Light in ev'ry one
Degrees of Light do they perceive
Some of them weak, and others strong;
That which is saving, none receive

But thoſe who unto Chriſt belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the End,
For which to Man God did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

LEt not the Sun eclipſed be,
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf, dear Chriſt, and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon*'s Roſe:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine:
Always let me walk in the Light,
Till Grace doth me with Glory crown;
Turn not my Morning into Night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear Purchaſe I am thine.
Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th'hiding of the glorious Skies,
The Thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.
Lord, let my Morning be more bright,
And my Shun-ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine Eyes have ſtronger Sight,
That I behold its Glory may.
O let thy Face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine.
Lord, ſhine, and make my Heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the Seal to take;
Make it according as it ought,

Lord

Lord, do it for thy own Names ſake:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.
The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine Ignorance
Darken the Light of my dim Eyes,
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.
O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to die;
And from thy Paths ne'er let me ſlide,
But light me to Eternity,
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.
There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
O! who will ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth lie,
Altho by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.
Lord, in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul deſtroy;
Whom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark Heart,
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,

And Darkneſs fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth
May in the Truth be join'd in one:
O let thy Face ſo brightly ſhine
As to diſcover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledg now abound;
And the bright Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Rome's* Harlot may confound,
And Popiſh Darkneſs quite caſhier:
O let thy Face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold:
To each adjacent Countrey
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That all theſe Nations may be thine:
Let *Chriſtendom* new chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee, O let them turn,
And be baptiz'd, O Chriſt, by thee
With th' Spirit of the holy One:
O let thy Face upon it ſhine,
That *Chriſtendom* may all be thine.
And carry on thy glorious Work
Victoriouſly in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe blind People may be thine.
And let thy Brightneſs alſo go
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*,
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,

That

That thoſe dark Regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine;
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*:
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious Face on them to ſhine;
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.
The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth, with one accord.
Live they far off, or live they near;
O let thy Face upon them ſhine:
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.
And let alſo the glorious News
Of thy Salvation, yield Relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardened are in Unbelief:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
For *Abraham*'s ſake that Friend of thine.
O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rays
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel;
Beyond what 'twas in former days:
O cauſe thy Face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed;
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,

And Power to thy Saints be given,
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine,
According to that Word of thine.

AN APPENDIX,

Containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Apoſtate.

HOw many Straights and Croſſes have I met
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet!
Red Seas and Wilderneſſes lie between;
Why venture I for what I ne'er have ſeen?
Why can I not where now I am remain?
Or to my old Delights turn back again.
My Head has been perplex'd with Cares and Fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine Ears.
They were but Fancies that diſturb'd my Mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience, be ſilent, don't diſturb me more,
Upon ſuch things I will no longer pore;
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire,
Where I ſhall have things to my Heart's Deſire.

Devil.

Purſue thy Purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e'er I have ſhall be at thy Command;

My

My Kingdom's great, this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
Afraid I was I should have lost thee quite, (Sight:
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave:
When others forc'd in Prison are to lie;
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious Liberty,
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou shalt be held in Honour and Renown.
Thou hast much Goods laid up for many Years;
And long shalt live free from all Cares and Fears.
Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,
And thou shalt spend thy days in Joy and Mirth.
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,
Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again,
Phanatick Fables never more regard,
The Pains of Hell of which thou oft hast heard,
Are nought save Fictions of their crafty Head,
With Fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad Men like, they do tread under Feet
Those lovely Joys which wise Men find most sweet.
Religion's nought but a devised thing,
Which up at first some crafty Head did bring
To awe the Minds of Fools, who wanting Wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer Counterfeit.
The Truth of th'Scripture thou hast cause to doubt
For divers places thou may'st soon find out
Which inconsistent to each other be.
Of what it speaks there is no Certainty.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call
On him, whom thou did'st never see or know,
Unless it's thus, because thou must do so?

Let

Let Melancholy Fancies now therefore
Ne'er vex thy Mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which Purſe and Bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt die,
And afterwards there's no Eternity,
As ſome ſuppoſe; for thou i'th' Grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is Reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn,
Thou may'ſt religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is none that's very fit for thee.
Melodious Sounds, ſweet Mirth, and Muſick rare;
Do much affect the Heart, and charm the Ear.
No Worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With Fleſh or Blood, or doth for Eaſe excel,
Or with Man's Int'reſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the Worſhip which for thee I pick,
I'm not againſt thy turning Catholick:
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'ſt not doubt,
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.
The Way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein;
And Perſons of all ſorts, no Let is Sin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'ſt hear melodious Sounds
Sweet Joy and Mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine Boys and Men raviſhing Notes do ſing,
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thou'lt have thy Liberty
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou may'ſt be mad, carouſe and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* ſuch things can bear. (curſe,
If thou doſt ſwear, drink Healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i'th' Church would like thee e'er the worſe.

Or

Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious Lady ſpy
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton Eye,
To court or play with her thou need'ſt not fear;
For venial Sins, alas! all ſuch things are;
And one great Help and Remedy thou'l't have,
Which from all Grief and Danger will thee ſave;
If it fall out by chance at any time Crime;
Thou ſhould'ſt commit ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraightway the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent Help, and yet no Superſtition.
For a ſmall Sum of Money ſoon is had
A Pardon for all Sins, tho ne'er ſo bad
His Holineſs for a few Shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Diſpenſation
To kill and murder any in a Nation,
Who us and th' holy Church hate and oppoſe;
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraightway cloſe
With this fam'd *Church to whom ſuch Power's given*
To open and ſhut with Eaſe the Gates of Heaven.
And make that Sin to day which ne'er was Sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'er has been.
Come buy the Beads and Crucifix alſo,
And as the Church believe, believe thou too.
For this I hope to ſee e'er a few days
Some thouſands more cleaving to theſe old Ways,
And thou wilt not ſuch an Advantage gain,
As now thou may'ſt with eaſe I'm ſure obtain;
And ſince in Kindneſs and Affection dear,
I've ſhew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do ingage thy faithful Friend to be;
There's ſome ſmall thing I'd have thee do for me.
Speak evil of the Way thou late waſt in;
Belie them all, and charge them too with Sin.

Their

Their Faults lay open, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, Reproach, and ſlander in my ſtead;
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little Love, and Want of Charity.
Of *Canaan*-Land raiſe thou an ill Report,
To turn them back who are a-going for't;
One thing at preſent I would have thee do,
There is a Friend of mine which thou doſt know,
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
That to theſe fooliſh Notions doth adhere,
If he ſhould viſit thee, with ſpeed do thou
Treat with the peeviſh Youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the Cauſe, my Place ſupply,
And do what I could not do formerly.
His forward Zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cauſe others alſo in that way to throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome Deriſion bear
Through his hot Zeal, if that you han't a Care.

Vicinus.

The Thoughts which Satan darts into his Mind,
He cloſes with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counſel for to take, what e'er become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom,
An Atheiſt he's become in Heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian Strife.
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,
An Inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this Youth, that has of late begun
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this Apoſtate will ingage
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

Apoſtate.

What my old Friend, *E. R.* Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore to ſee you look ſo ill;
What evil, Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the Cauſe of this your preſent Grief?
If I can give or help you to Relief,
Or comfort you i'th' leaſt; I willing am,
And will rejoice alſo I hither came.

Gent.

Ah Sir! my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I moſt Comfort hop'd to find;
Contrariwiſe will prove a Plague to me,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recover'd be.
He'll be a Preacher I do think e'er long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh Fool, and ſo head-ſtrong,
That I have little Hopes he'll e'er be good;
Here's Cauſe of Grief if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſuch a vile Heretick,
That *Rome's* good Church, and the true Catholick
Moſt vilely I perceive he doth diſdain,
And doth forſooth tell me he's born again.
I do beſeech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his Mind, there's not a Man
I think, in Truth, that ever will prevail,
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your Skill;
If you can turn him from theſe Ways, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The Vanity of theſe deviſed Ways,
And Bookiſh Fables of theſe ſilly days:

Having

Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue
Has been the Ruine of us all along:
For, ſince Men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new Notions of Religion take,
Nought but Confuſion in the World we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in Truth, 'twill never be
Until their Books i'th' Fire all do burn,
And they unto the antient Church do turn.

Apoſtate.

I am, good Sir, of that Opinion too,
And ſorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will alſo in Truth
Do what I can to turn that ſilly Youth;
For I can ſhew and make him underſtand
The Danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The Hopes of unſeen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer Fancy I believe:
That's the chief Good which Man doth here enjoy,
And that's the Evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this Joy and Bliſs,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boaſt of that they never did poſſeſs;
They lie, alas! and are in Truth, no leſs
Than frantick Fools, for I could never ſee
Of what they ſpeak there's any Certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of Love,
Your Son from theſe Deluſions to remove:
And ſince I do perceive he's near at hand,
I'll take my Leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Attend kind Friend, read with a ſerious Eye,
And thou ſhalt a ſharp Conflict ſoon eſpy
Between a Man quite void of godly Fear,
And a dear Youth moſt holy and ſincere.
The one affirms all Godlineſs is vain,
The other counts it for the greateſt Gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou ſhalt ſee
What's beſt to chuſe, Grace or Iniquity.

Apoſtate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

Profeſſor.

I am a Stranger, and am trav'ling home,

Apoſtate.

Are you a Stranger in this Countrey?

Profeſſor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apoſtate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Profeſſor.

From *Egypt*, Sir. *Apoſt.* I am trav'ling thither.

Apoſtate.

What is your Buſineſs, Sir, that thus in Pain
You ſtrive againſt the Wind with Might and Main?
E'er further you do go, ſit down, account;
See whether that you run for, will ſurmount
The Labour great, and Loſs you will ſuſtain,
Before the Prize in Truth ye do obtain.
What Place is it to which you think to go,
That to adviſe you I may fully know.
For good Inſtruction to you I'll afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Profeſſor.

I am for *Canaan* that moſt holy Land,
I'll travel thither as God doth command;
Whoſe Worth and Value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excel.
And tho all things I loſe e'er I come there,
'Twill all my Loſſes I am ſure repair.
The Worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I firſt begun.

Apoſtate.

Know you of certain the Place is ſo rare?
You may miſtake, for you were never there.

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir! of it I have a glorious Sight,
Which doth my Soul tranſcendently delight;
Altho in Perſon there I ne'er have been,

Yet

Yet I moſt plain ſweet *Canaan* oft have ſeen:
Beſides, I lately ſpoke with a dear Friend,
Who did the other day from thence deſcend;
And unto me its Glory he did ſhow,
Its precious Worth from him I came to know:
Some of its Fruits alſo to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I Poſſeſſion have.

Apoſtate.

Is't not the Fancy of thy craſy Head?
I have likewiſe of ſuch a *Canaan* read;
It may be ſo, or ſo it may not be,
It ne'er ſeem'd truly real unto me.
Who would for things which ſo uncertain are,
Such Loſſes ſuffer, and ſuch Labour bear.
A Bird i'th' Hand's worth two i'th' Buſh ye know,
This Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy Overthrow.

Profeſſor.

You vainly talk, and live by Sight and Senſe,
I walk by Faith, which is the Evidence
Of things not ſeen here with an outward Eye,
What thou ſeeſt not, I clearly do eſpy.
'Tis not the Fancy of a craſy Brain;
For *Moſes*, that its Glory he might gain,
All *Egypt*'s Treaſures quickly did forego,
Was that the Way unto his Overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he ſaw it was the Way
To Peace and Honour in another day:
The Glory real did his Soul behold,
To be ſo great, that never can be told.
If thou had'ſt drunk but of its glorious Springs,
Thou would'ſt it prize above all earthly things.
If thou had'ſt taſted but of *Canaan*'s Honey,

Thou

Thou would'ſt eſteem it more than Bags of Money,
Altho I make, alas! a poor Profeſſion,
Yet I have now ſomething in my Poſſeſſion,
Lock'd up moſt ſafe in my refreſhed Breaſt,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Cheſt.
True peace of conſcience, that through grace I have
Which paſſeth all Mens Knowledg to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thouſand Worlds obtain.

Apoſtate.

Tuſh, ſilly Fool, kick Conſcience quite away,
Ne'er mind his Motions, nor what he doth ſay.
I ſtifl'd him, and that a good while ſince,
And took Revenge for his proud Inſolence.
His gaſping Groans I no ways did regard,
But let my Heart againſt him grow ſo hard,
That I do judge I have his Buſineſs done:
He's dead in Truth, and to dark Silence gone;
That now I can without the leaſt Controul,
Have any Pleaſures which delight my Soul.

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir! go on, if that's the Choice you make,
I never will ſuch curſed Counſel take.
Who ever doth his Conſcience ſo abuſe,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner uſe;
And tho in you poor Conſcience now lies ſlain,
I'th' Judgment day he will revive again,
And then againſt you his ſad witneſs bear,
And in your Face moſt ghaſtfully will ſtare:
You'll have the worſt at laſt, I grieve to ſee
You hardened thus in your Iniquity.

Apostate.

My Sorrow's gone, but thine alas! will double,
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble.
The Storms and blustring Winds are overpast;
And very safe I am arriv'd at last,
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour Day and Night.
Toss'd I have been upon the boysterous Seas;
And till of late ne'er could find Rest nor Ease.
But now I'm safely landed, and with good
Shall satiate be, whil'st thou art tost i'th' Flood,
Thou shalt, poor Youth, with dreadful Storms be hurl'd,
Whil'st I shall find a very quiet World.
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad Gulfs of woful Misery.
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy Course, worse
Thou'l't see things with thee will grow worse and worse.
These Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E'er long they shall but little Comfort find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend.
Paul's *Portion 'twas, who from his very Youth,*
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth.
He met with blustering Winds, was tost about,
Yet did bear up for Canaan *most devout.*
Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'er away shall fade.
All those who sail'd this Way, have all along
Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong
From Pyrats, Spoilers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.

This terrifies me not, because that I
Know 'tis the Way to true Felicity.
The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his Coſt and recompence his Pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great Dangers oftentimes to run.
So Hopes of Joys, the which celeſtial are.
Makes me no Labour nor no Coſt to ſpare.
You are for preſent things, I further ſee;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me:
You are for Pleaſures and for Bags of Gold.
I am for that which Moſes *did behold.*
You are for Eaſe, what ever it doth coſt,
And Honours here, tho Soul for it be loſt.
Who makes the wiſeſt Choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgment ſhew who wiſe Men are.
My Purpoſe I'll purſue what e'er I meet,
My Portion's great, my Peace no Counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, there's ſuch a Place I'm ſure,
Nought ſhall entice me, nor my Soul allure,
To looſe my hold, I'll keep firm in my Station,
Tho in my Way I meet with Tribulation.
Yet I moſt ſafe ſhall there at laſt arrive,
No Men nor Devils ever ſhall deprive
My Soul of that eternal dwelling Place,
Such Confidence I have obtain'd through Grace.

Apoſtate.

If I ſhould grant things which ſo doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan* or a Heaven, where
Sweet Joys abound beyond what's here below,
Yet hard it is for any Man to know
The ready Way unto that ſeeming Place,
Conſider this, O 'tis a weighty Caſe!

For

For there ſo many Ways and Voices be,
How thou ſhould'ſt find the right, I do not ſee,
Thou art a Stranger too, thou told'ſt me plain,
Come, come young Man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing, dear Sir, more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliſs.
The Heathens could by Natures Light eſpy
Man's chiefeſt Good or beſt Felicity,
Muſt needs excel the high'ſt Enjoyments here;
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear,
Who have God's Works moſt dreadfully made known,
Yea, and his Word, which very few or none
Who live in any Land the like have had;
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts, this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known,
By dreadful Judgments, which are daily ſhown?
And, why think you I can't the true Way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his Mind
In plain Characters, which whilſt I obſerve,
I from the Truth am ſure no ways to ſwerve.
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave Directions how to find the way;
This Writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his Blood,
That the old Dragon, with his mighty Flood
Of Superſtition, and perſecuting Fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt Deſire.
The holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our Souls in the right Way to Heaven,
Tho Satan has made Oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our Mother-tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know
The very Footſteps where the Flock did go.

Apoſtate.

Tho you of Scripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your Hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it an't like to have,
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive.
For holy Church once more will quite deſtroy.
This *Engliſh* God which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures do'ſt not know,
But wreſteth them unto thy Overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd whom God hath never taught;
But have in Popiſh Darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works Salvation merit.
They are unlearn'd who fooliſhly deny
The Spirit's Teachings and Authority
For to excel all Humane Arts and Science,
And on Man's Teaching wholly have Reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Chriſt Jeſus is a Piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For thoſe for whom Chriſt did his Body break,
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd who think that Purgatory
Can be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe Doctrine doth declare
The Church two Heads doth on its Shoulders bear.
That Woman which hath any Husbands more,
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That Man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the true Chriſtian Faith.

There

That Man I grant, is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd
The curſed Nature of his hainous Sin,
Nor what Eſtate by Nature he is in.
That Man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a Fool.
That Man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his Soul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot;
And doth eſteem Earth's empty Vanity,
Above that Good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the Fleſh, yea, and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake
His Yoke and Burden willingly to take,
And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my ſake upon the Croſs did die,
Him have I learn'd alone to magnifie;
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in ev'ry thing.
And this through Grace I learned have of late,
To be content what ever be my State.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'er could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, ſee, or diſcern,
I never read of Peter's tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn'd that he did Pope become,
Or rule o'er Kings like to the Beaſt at Rome.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubines,
Or ever Power had to pardon Sins.
I never learn'd he granted Diſpenſations,
To poyſon Kings, or Rulers of thoſe Nations,
Who were profane, or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuſe the Faith of Catholicks.

I never learn'd he was the Churches Head,
Or did forget the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,
Yet had as much as any Pope I guess.
I never learn'd Peter *did magnifie*
Himself above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the Neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to murther those
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day
That th' Pope and Peter *walk'd both in one way:*
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter *deny'd him, yet did love him dear,*
The Pope denies him, and doth Hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter *deny'd him, and did weep amain;*
The Pope denies him with the great'st Disdain.
Peter *deny'd him, yet for him did die;*
The Pope in Malice him doth crucifie.
Peter *deny'd him thrice, and then repented,*
The Pope a thousand times, but ne'er relented.
Peter *and* John *no mighty Scholars were,*
Yet few for Knowledg might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the Way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.

The learned School-men put our Lord to Death,
And very few of ſuch Chriſt called hath;
But poor deſpiſed Perſons he doth call,
And paſſeth by the high flown Cardinal.
For humane Learning, and ſuch kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the bleſſed Spirit's Teaching.
I Learning like; and grant that Men may uſe it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuſe it.

Apoſtate.

Leave off theſe canting Strains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear ſuch prating Fools. Are you ſo wiſe?
Dare you the holy Mother Church deſpiſe?
'Tis that Religion I like beſt of all,
The Pope I do adore, and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly Glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleaſant Story:
There's Pleaſure, Profit, Safety, and much Eaſe,
Which doth the Fleſh as well as Spirit pleaſe.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what canſt thou more
Or of thy God, or any Man require? (deſire,
Thy way thou'ſt loſt, and *Canaan* wilt not ſee,
Therefore with ſpeed turn back again with me.

Profeſſor.

Could I no other Reaſon give or urge
To prove *Rome*'s Church untrue, I can't but judg
This which you ſpeak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Chriſt's Church no ſuch vain Pomps appear;
No worldly Glory doth Chriſt's Church adorn,
For ſhe's afflicted, much deſpis'd and torn.
Her Beauty can't with outward Eyes be ſeen,
Her Beauty and her Glory are within.

When *John* sets forth the Antichristian State;
Much outward Pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deckt with Gold, brave Stones, and (Pearl
Who at poor *Sion* doth with Envy snarl.
No Liberty to th' Flesh the Lord doth give,
Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
To Hell you go except you're born again.
If you'll be Christ's with speed then turn you must,
To crucifie the Flesh with all its Lust.
No Cause have I to fear to go astray,
Whilst I walk daily in the narrow Way.
All those who do God's holy Word contemn,
No Light nor Truth is there at all in them.
Their Feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all.
But as for me no Cause have I to doubt,
But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The Thoughts of it my Soul doth much disdain.
Dost think I'll leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare,
For stinking Garlick, and base Onyons there?

Apostate.

For all your Courage, Sir, I do suppose,
You will repent that ever you have chose
To leave the Comforts of a precious World,
And with sound Zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a Man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One Groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World in a juſt Ballance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than Vanity.
Riches alas! they are but Bags of Cares,
And Honours nought ſave Fool-bewitching Snares.
Your outward Joy will turned be to Sadneſs,
Your Pleaſure into Pain, your Wiſdom Madneſs:
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a Bubble,
Which long you cannot keep, altho you double
Your Diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty Blaſt.
What frantick Fit is this? will you deſtroy
Your higher Hopes for ſuch a fancy'd Joy?
This World's like the Strumpet of whom I've read,
Who with ſweet Fumes inticeth to her Bed,
With amorous Glances promiſes a Bliſs,
And hides Deſtruction with a feigned Kiſs.
She has her Tricks, and her enſnaring Wiles,
But lodgeth Death under deceitful Smiles.
She hugs the Soul ſhe hates, yea, and doth prove
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore, leſt you be catcht i'th' Snare,
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
Theſe Comforts here which you do precious call,
Each wiſe Man ſees they're vain and fliting all.
To think I ſhould repent no Cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſidered were.
What *Moſes* choſe of old the ſame do I,
All vain Allurements I do quite defy.
I knew when firſt my Journey I did take,
I muſt my Father's Houſe learn to forſake,
Whatever I expoſed am unto,
In *Abraham*'s Steps I am reſolv'd to go,

What e'er I loſe, Chriſt will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſed be.
I ſeek no Honour here from any one,
True Honour comes, dear Sir, from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by Grace I am born to;
My Portion's great, I know not how to ſhow
I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
To me e'er long, ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Altho I han't one Groat nor earthly Friend
To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have won.

Apoſtate.

What ground have you, my Friend, for to believe
If you forſake all things, you ſhall receive
This Land you ſpeak of, for your own Poſſeſſion?
Unto your Heart 'tis good to put this Queſtion.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet ſome oft-times I ſee, and ſure I am,
Unto ſuch Lands can no good Title ſhow,
Altho they ſtrive for them, as you may do.
If you ſhould ſell what e'er you have for this,
And yet at laſt ſhould alſo of it miſs,
You'll ſee your ſelf at length then quite undone:
Conſider of't, and back with me return:
For no good Title of it can be had,
'Twas this, alas! which once did make me ſad,
To ſave my own, I thought 'twas beſt for me,
Unleſs of this I could aſſured be.

Pro-

Profeſſor.

Don't think you ſhall my Zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus befool.
Rouſe up my Soul, now in thy own Defence,
And ſhew thy clear and precious Evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Chriſt Jeſus Death,
The Father doth this Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child has late adopted me.
And if a Child, I alſo am an Heir,
And ſhall with Jeſus this like Glory ſhare.

Apoſtate.

How do you know, you be his Child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late Converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward Birth is truly from above.
The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both agree in one,
I am through Grace, no Baſtard but a Son.
Thoſe whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers Promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his Blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good Aſſurance for God's Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite deſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apoſtate.

Nay, ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I as ſoon as you get thither?
Tho in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other Folk;
And thought that Heaven was entail'd to thoſe
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppoſe:
Thinking a Man a Seperate muſt be
From that ſame Church, or elſe could never ſee,
Find, nor enjoy eternal Peace and Reſt;
And therefore I, like others, did proteſt
Againſt that antient Mother Church, whom now
I am reſolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble Subjection,
Thinking 'tis beſt for Safety and Protection,
Reſolving never more to vex my Mind,
As I have done, for I ſhall ſooner find
In this ſmooth way, Aſſurance for Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former Station.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto:
But Promiſes moſt clear are made to thoſe
Who ſeek for the old Way, and with it cloſe.
And that *Rome*'s Church can plead Antiquity,
No Proteſtant I'm ſure can it deny:
Yea, and muſt grant, what ever's their Profeſſion,
That none but *Rome* can prove their true Succeſſion
From thoſe brave Churches which firſt planted
By the Apoſtles, as their Acts declare. (were
And therefore Youth, you muſt no longer boaſt
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have loſt
Your Way to Heaven; and muſt therefore look
Unto that Church which long hath been forſook.

From

From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
Is a sad thing, tho many it despise.
For tho Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches Constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your Pollution,
Corruption, and vile Spots, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had,
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'll leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear,
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were baptized in due Form 'tis known;
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' least doth fail herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church, I grant, was true i'th' Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Rome's Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great Distress,
From the vile Beast, and Dragon's furious Rage;
And so remain'd until this latter Age.
If *Rome*'s Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold,

But when she is become Christ's Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Rome*'s Church hath not declin'd
From that Church-state by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papist ever did before.
The Jewish Church God once did own and love,
But for their Sins he did them quite remove
Out of his Sight, they'r broken for their Sin,
With other Churches which have famous been;
And yet do keep some outward Form and Show
Of Worship and Church-state, as *Rome* may do:
Who has in truth left nought save a bare Name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better Argument I need not bring
To prove your's false, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty Year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under Age, yea much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy, alas! she sprung:
A Bastard-Church, base-born, meer National,
And therefore that's for you no Proof at all.
The fleshly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out,
The Axe is now laid to the Root o'th' Tree,
And every one true Penitent must be.

And

And must obtain of God true saving Grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a Place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal Sword,
And not by th' Power of God's holy Word,
Is very false, and that *Rome*'s Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness;
No People doubtless in the World have less;
For *Rome* like to a stinking common Shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' Door.
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is recorded in God's sacred Word.
The Counsel which an antient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special Care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging People to abstain from Meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.
And in denying Persons for to wed,
Tho God allow the undefiled Bed.
By means of these most cursed Prohibitions
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross Pollutions:
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and Buggerers become;
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any Sin at all.
Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th least condemn.
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no Sin, in truth, is there:

But ſome o'th *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly ſeen.
Is this your holy *Head* and reverend *Father*,
Next unto Chriſt ſupream? is he not rather,
A Devil incarnate? the worſt of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find?
Is Rome *Chriſt's Church*, *Chriſt's Spouſe*, his only (*Love*,
His undefiled One, and ſpotleſs Dove?
Sir, don't miſtake, ſhe is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* characterized heretofore,
Which I ſhall full evince, and make appear,
If you with Patience will but lend an Ear.

Apoſtate.

I find you in Reproaches free enough;
But ſhall expect you ſo too in your Proof.
Thoſe common Epithets of Beaſt and Whore,
Are daily flung at every Bodies Door.
But for to warrant your ſeverer Doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Profeſſor.

That Truth God's ſacred Word doth well explain:
That City which o'er Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that ſame Whore, the Spirit clear doth ſhow;
And that *Rome* was that City, all Men know:
Who then above all others bore the ſway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd, and did obey.
And ſtill you Papiſts to her Biſhops give
Headſhip o'er all who on the Earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch ſit,
Whilſt abſolute Pow'r he claims, and Sov'raign'ty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all Perſons may conclude it true,

By their firſt Mark, the Title is his due.
The ſecond Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein ſhe proudly ſhone.*
That *Rome* has been a rich, gay coſtly Whore,
England once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence.*
And through each land where ſhe her Triumphs led,
Whole Swarms of Locuſts, Prieſts, and Friers were ſpread.
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)
Were faithful Slaves ſtill to promote her Work.
Whilſt to maintain thoſe Drones, ſhe ſwept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their Prey.
In the third place, *ſhe doth Mens Souls enſlave,*
This Mark in *Rome* moſt evident we have,
With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thouſand Superſtitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conſcience, and to make all well,
Boaſts all her Dictates are infallible.
And then, to fill her Meaſure, i'th' laſt place,
'Tis ſaid, ſhe would God's precious *Sion* raze.
This can of none but *Rome* be underſtood,
That drunken Whore, who reels in Martyrs Blood.
As I more largely now ſhall make appear,
And then with Patience your Excuſes hear.
Within the compaſs of ſix thouſand Years,
Has been preſented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages the moſt ſad Contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire Events
Of dreadful Wars in ſeveral Generations,
The Overthrow of many fruitful Nations:
But all comes ſhort of *Rome*'s moſt bloody Bill,

Which

Which doth the Earth with ſanguine Volumes fill,
Jeruſalem that City of Renown,
Sakt by *Veſpaſian*, burnt and broken down;
It was indeed a dreadful Deſolation,
And ſo have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation.
All Conqu'rors ever found a time to ceaſe, (Peace.
When once they conquer'd, then they were at
They murder'd not, but ſuch as would not yield
To own them for their Lords: and in the Field
They ſlew them too with Weapons in their Hand
For their Defence, and always ready ſtand
To give Quarter to thoſe that it demand.
But this vile Strumpet's Blood-bedabled Hands
Finds not a Period, never counter-mands.
Her cruel Rage, her Murders know no end,
She ſlaughters when ſhe Pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her Blood-thirſty Acts,
She ſlays without examining their Facts.
In time of Peace her treach'rous Hands have ſhed
Blood without Meaſure: ſhe hath murthered
By cruel Maſſacres her Neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure of Men.
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts: makes it her Glory
T' invent ſtrange Torments to deprive the Breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious ling'ring Death.
The brutiſh *Nero* firſt of Tyrant-Kings,
From whoſe baſe Root nine other Tyrants ſprings,
Whoſe moſt inhumane Acts, not to their Glory,
Did leave the World a lamentable Story;
And to their laſting and eternal Shame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful Name
Of bloody Monſters in the Shape of Men,
Whoſe cruel Acts deſerve an iron Pen,

That

That might perpetuate to after-times,
These Heathens Cruelty; record the Crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down,
Their earthly Houses for a heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast your Eye,
First on those Heathen Emp'rors Cruelty;
Then view the bloody Papists and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt*'s Darkness did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning Light,
So far the Papists Cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants since the World began,
Or since Dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.
If *Cyprian* and *Eusebius* Words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,
Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.
So void their Hearts were of all humane Pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted Knees, or fall before
Those Idol-Gods these Emp'rors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the Cause so many Millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to revenge, grew more enrag'd
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes:

They

They did conclude the Nature of th' Offence,
Deserv'd no less than Death for Recompence.
Thus may we plainly see a reason why
These Heathen Emp'rors us'd such Cruelty.
'Twas not because they worshipp'd not aright,
But worshipp'd not at all, nay, did despight
Unto these Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An Act not to be born by Flesh and Blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood.
Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants Rage,
Serious Advice a little would asswage
Their Hellish Fury, and for some time cease,
And give the Christians a breathing Space.
And when as those ten Emperors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their Cruelty. (Wrath,
Three hundred Years accomplisht their fierce
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great Donations, make their Bishops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the Great,
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy Seat;
Puft up with Riches, swoln with filthy Pride,
From God's pure Laws hast quickly turn'd aside.
And now such Bishops only dost thou chuse,
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse,
Proud, sensual, and void of th' Holy Spirit;
Such as the Lord hath said, shall not inherit
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be:
Who should be fill'd with Truth and Purity.
Shining like Lights before the Flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect Way.

But

But now instead of such as these, behold
They are presumptuous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the Worship that the Lord makes known
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea, so presumptuous are they in their Pride,
As to affirm God's holy Word's no Guide
For Men to walk by; the only Rule that they
Do counsel Men, nay force them to obey,
Is their Traditions, which they affirm to be
Far more Authentick then our Lord's Decree,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure Light to guide our Steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians, whose most tender Heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's Directions, which in his blest Word
He hath so plainly left upon Record:
These are the Men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the Objects of her Wrath,
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless Blood
Of such as for God's holy Word have stood.
O! let the Blood-drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty,
Till God take Vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word
Is the most perfect, and the truest Guide;
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.
Our blessed Lord bids search them, for, saith he,
They are the Words that testifie of me.
Lo here's the Cause, behold the Reason why
The Whore has acted so much Cruelty.
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereby she daily slays the Innocent.

The

The Numbers she hath murder'd do surmount
The strictest of Arithmeticks Account.
What Countrey hath not tasted of the Cup,
That her most bloody Hands have filled up?
How hath she stir'd up Nations to engage
Against each other, to satisfie her Rage?
Where Millions have been brought unto the Dust,
Only to satisfie the Strumpet's Lust;
That she the better might ingross the Power
Of Hell into her Hands, and so devour
At her blood-thirsty Pleasure, such as she
Could not perswade to love Idolatry.
Perfidious *France*, whose most inhumane Wrath,
Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith;
Within the space of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody Hands most treacherously betrays
Ten thousand Souls; and to that bloody score,
Adds quickly after twenty thousand more.
How many Murders more that Popish Nation
Have done, the Romish Hist'ries make Relation;
And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
But as her Years, her Murders have increas'd,
And swoln to bigger Numbers in less space,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her Face;
Who thus attests, that from the Morning Light
Until the sable Curtains of the Night
Were closely drawn, her bloody Hands did slay
A hundred thousand Souls; O! let that day
In Characters of Blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,
That did receive the Blood of all the slain;
Let both the Heaven and the Earth implore
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.

O

O poor *Bohemiah*, thou hast had a taste,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Countrey waste;
Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
Sparing not young, nor old, nor Son, nor Sire.
What Multitudes unnumb'red were thy slain,
Which in the Field unburied did remain!
Thou found'st the Woolvish Popes in every Age,
Contrive thy Ruine, many times engage
Thy Neighbour Nations to shed forth thy Blood,
Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood
For God's pure Worship: *Martyn* the sixth excites,
Emperors, *Kings*, *Dukes*, *Barons*, *Earls and Knights*,
With one consent to fall upon that Nation,
On no less terms than on their own Salvation;
Promising also upon that Condition,
To give a full and absolute Remission
Unto the vilest Sinner that e'er stood
Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood
Tho but of one *Bohemian*; O Rage!
Not to be parallell'd in any Age;
Except that Monster, who did sore rebuke
The over-charitable Popish Duke
Of D. *Alva*: and would you know his Crime,
It was because that he in six Years time,
Through too much Lenity caus'd not the Earth
To drink more Christian Blood than issued forth
From eighteen thousand Souls; for this the Duke
Was thought by Papists worthy of Rebuke.
Is eighteen thousand in six Years so few,
In the account of your blood-thirsty Crew,
Inhumanely to murther? yea indeed,
Because their former Numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody Bill
Came short in Numbers, yet his Hand did fill

It

It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A marble Heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent:
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors added to the Bill.
For from the time that Helliſh Inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion,
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty Years expired had their Date,
By cruel Torments which they ſtill retain,
Was an hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain;
And yet before they took away their Breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a Death.
Depriving them, as far as in them lay
Of all the Comfort that the night or day
Affords Mankind; for then there was not found
So much Sun-light as to behold the Ground
On which they ſtood: each day that giveth Light,
Was unto them like *Egypt*'s darkeſt night.
In Helliſh Darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the End
Deſtroyed them: the Company they had
Within thoſe darkſome Caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their Sighs and Groans,
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the Stones.
If noiſome Creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noiſome Creatures their Companions were.
What Food they eat was only to ſecure
Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral Torments that they did provide,
So an hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,
Beſide what dy'd by perſecuting Hands,
Within the Pope's Confines in ſev'ral Lands.

Thus

Thus may I ſooner ſpend my Strength and Tears,
And tire, if you regard, your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full and abſolute Relation
Of all the Acts of *Rome*'s Abomination.
Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts than in the leaſt part bear
Her Burthen, or behold her mur'dring Hand
Once more ſpread through the confines of our land.
But I perceive theſe Truths are dully heard,
And that you little my Diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate.

Yes, yes, I hear and ſmile what *Tragedias*
You make of lawful juſt Severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And ſtill againſt Authority would go.
If then they ſuffer'd, who, pray, is to blame?

Profeſſor.

That I have ſhown already to their Shame.
And I would have my Countrey-men to take
Another taſte, that may preſerve awake
Their drowſie Souls, who take a dying Nap,
Much like deluded *Sampſon*, on the lap
Of luſtful *Dalilah*, whoſe treacherous Breath
Sends forth the Meſſenger of *Sampſon*'s Death:
Let not the Strumpet's ſugred words perſwade
Thee for to credit her, that's been her trade
To promiſe faireſt when ſhe doth intend
To deal falſeſt; ſhe doth betray her Friend
Like wicked *Cain*, firſt of that ſinful Race,
That ſlew his Brother ſmiling in his Face.
From the firſt time that e'er the Helliſh Rage
Of *Jeſuits* appeared on the Stage

To

To act their Parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Italy* her bloody Hands hath ſlain
Nine hundred thouſand Souls, or thereabout,
E'er many Years had run their Hours out.
Of the *Americans*, by Popiſh *Spain*,
In fifty Years was fifteen Millions ſlain.
The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe Eye,
Like the quick-ſighted Vultur, did eſpy
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame; (Cup,
Drunk dreadful Draughts of *Rome*'s moſt bloody
Which ſhe with Hell-bred Fury poured up.
And for no other Cauſe, her bloody Hands
She did ſtretch forth, with Hell-inraged Bands,
Being ſent abroad, forthwith to put to Death
Both young and old, each Man that draweth Breath,
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content
To murder Parents with their innocent
And harmleſs Babes, as if their Helliſh Breath
Had not been ſpent with putting Souls to Death:
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs Lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of Hell,
And ſee if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an Act: O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and Law of Reaſon!
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their Acts,
To puniſh ſuch as ne'er committed Facts?
Are thoſe right Actings fitting Goſpel-times,
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes?
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the Heirs of Heaven?
Thoſe murd'red Souls under the Altar lie,
Crying how long, Eternal Majeſty,

How long will 't be e'er thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine Ear unto their ſad Complaints?
Theſe *Waldenſes* being overcome and dead,
A little Remnant that eſcaped fled;
Taught by Dame Nature's moral Laws to ſave
Their much deſired Lives, within a Cave
Did hide themſelves, hoping at laſt, that they
Taking Advantage of another Day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head
Upon the Pillows of his Weſtern Bed,
And *Proſerpina* Lady of the Night
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Tranſport themſelves into ſome other Land,
And ſo eſcape out of the Hunters Hand.
But as the Hounds that hunt the wearied Hart,
Doth ply their Steps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the ſilent Wood
Till they ſurprize the Beaſt: ev'n ſo theſe Blood-
Devouring Monſters having found the Cave,
Moſt barb'rouſly did make that Place their Grave;
Wherein four hundred yielding up their Breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner cheak'd to Death.
No Nation in the World hath ever ſeen,
A Foe ſo dreadful as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Chriſtian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted to their Coſt
Of Romiſh Mercy? Some are yet alive,
Whoſe Parents felt the Death ſhe did contrive.
O *Germany!* thy poor diſtreſs'd Eſtate
Will ſpeak to future Ages, and relate
Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*

Cry

Cry Night and Day for Vengeance, and implore
God's *Heaven* enthroned Majesty e'er more,
To put a period to her Hellish Power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
These dreadful Murders have the Eyes and Ears
Of some now living heard and seen the Tears
Of Soul-afflicted Parents, whose sad Eyes
Beheld their murdred Babes, and heard their Cries.
Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was done,
Cruelly murd'red; and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their Eyes,
Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries:
Their Children murd'red, and their Wives defil'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up, being great with Child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood can't bare
The bare Relation: what Adamant Heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child-great Women was not all,
For that, altho inhumane, was but small,
Compar'd with other Torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd;
Tearing out Bowels, boyling Men alive, (trive.
These Deaths and worse, those Monsters did con-
We see how they have dealt with ev'ry Nation;
And shall we think at last to find Compassion?
The piteous Cries of Parents ne'er could move
Them to extend the smallest Dram of Love.
The Tears that ran from dying Infants Eyes,
Like plenteous Showers from the darkned Skies:
Whose great Abundance might have made a River
Yet all these Floods of brinish Tears could never
Enter a Papist's Heart so hard condens'd,
So void of Pity, and all humane Sense,

T

To hear the doleful Shreiks, and dying Groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes who make their Moans,
To Soul-afflicted Parents e'er they part,
Theſe are the things delight a Papiſt's Heart.
To ſee the dying Gaſps before the Death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe Life-forſaken Breath
Had waited many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt:
When their tormented Souls ſhould brethe their
Whoſe dolorous Sighings penetrate the Skies,
Thoſe Objects do delight a Papiſt's Eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find
That *Rome*'s grown merciful, and Papiſts kind.
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious Thoughts upon late ſixty ſix:
When *London* was conſum'd, that famous City,
It's Ruines do beſpeak them void of Pity.
By *Rome*'s Contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
England's Metropolis to Aſhes turn'd.
The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day rich Men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their Subſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this famous City's deckt in Gold,
To morrow an Amazemeut to behold.
The doleful Shreiks, and lamentable Cries;
The Floods of Tears that ran from weeping Eyes;
As true Reſemblances did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to engage
In ſuch an Act far worſe than th' *Powder Treaſon*;
Can we ſuppoſe if we conſult with Reaſon,
The Fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e'er that famous Place was fir'd?

No, no, good Sir, your Pardon I preſume,
Thoſe Hell-ingend'red Flames that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Hell gave thoſe Flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* only, but ev'ry Soul that hath
A Heart reſolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus, Proteſtants both great and ſmall,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And thoſe more formal Proteſtants; whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe
With *Rome*'s erroneous Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their Lives; let none believe
Such vain Perſwaſions, many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome* that painted Whore
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before.
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion,
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution;
No outward Force were they i'th' leaſt to uſe,
Much leſs poor Innocents for to abuſe,
By burning, ſtarving, roaſting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a Sport of it.
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was God's ſacred Word.
With that bleſs'd Sword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes uſe, 'tis plain, o'th' carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locuſt doth deſire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The Matter muſt decide continually:
The way they uſe to turn a Soul from Error,
Is the moſt dreadful Fleſh amazing Terror

Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man muſt lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Inſtruments devis'd to tear
The Fleſh from off the Bones; theſe ſometimes were
Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom ſhe doth for Hereticks defame.
What Maſſacres hath ſhe contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to reſt each man invite!
When Sleep has clos'd their Eyes, no thoughts of (Harms,
Did them poſſeſs, but in their folded Arms
Their Wives and Children lay with hopes that they
Through Grace might live to ſee another day.
Then came theſe murd'ring Butchers, ſent from (Hell,
Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel;
Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their Gore,
Till all were dead they ſcorned to give o'er:
If theſe Church-dealings will not work Contrition,
She can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,
Whoſe Torments ſcarcely can be underſtood;
A loathſom Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A Place of Darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as Tears,
And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no Ears
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend;
Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
If ſuch like Arguments, Sir, will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the World, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt Endeavour:

They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be corrival:
For Inhumanities they muſt defie
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as Man's Conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;
This is a Papiſt's knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty Flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the Poor,
And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect Mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as Homage unto her would give..
Upon her Head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed Name of Blaſphemy:
Setting her ſelf on God's imperial Throne:
Saying, *I am*, beſides me there is none.
I have the Keys of Heaven in my Hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole Command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I Torment give to ſome, to others Eaſe.
Lo! thus God's ſacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but ſhe,
Therefore *Rome*'s Church muſt the vile Strumpet be.

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſlandrous Lies,
The holy Church ſuch mur'drous Acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories, you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Profeſſor.

Theſe things were not, Sir, in a Corner done,
Beſides I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or ſtandeth on your Side,
Who by juſt Proof theſe things ever deny'd;
For they, alas! notoriouſly are known,
And many Papiſts alſo them do own:
Beſides 'twas late ſome of theſe Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies,
Were done, and acted; ſome alive now be
Who with their Eyes theſe Villanies did ſee.
About the year, dear Sir, of fifty five.
A dreadful Maſſacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France* i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*,
Where thirty thouſand Souls ſhe did deſtroy;
Who were commanded without all Delays
Papiſts to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refuſing, were then preſently
Put unto Death with barbarous Cruelty, (Parts,
Some with ſharp Spears thruſt through their privy
Whilſt others ſtabbed were unto their Hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, ſome they roaſted,
And ſome upon the tops of Spears they toſſed:
Virgins were raviſhed, Widows and Wives,
All barbarouſly deprived of their Lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' Head as they did go;

Thus were thoſe Souls brought into Miſery,
See it at large in *Moreland*'s Hiſtory.
Two hundred thouſand Proteſtants or more,
Were maſſacred by this vile bloody Whore.
In *Ireland*, there's many now alive
Who ſaw what kinds of Death they did contrive,
By which ſome of their dear Relations then
Were tortured by thoſe moſt bloody Men.
How can you, Sir, theſe things i'th' leaſt deny,
Which are ſo obvious unto ev'ry Eye?

Apoſtate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholicks;
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks,
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, ſay what you will,
For which the Church did many thouſands kill.
To Magiſtrates they diſobedient were,
And therefore they juſt Puniſhment did bear.

Profeſſor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were alſo,
By that ſame Argument which uſe you do.
To Magiſtrates they did refuſe to bend,
Wherein they knew, they ſhould the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did ſubmit,
And preached alſo, 'twas a thing moſt fit,
In things which do unto Man appertain;
But Chriſt o'er Conſcience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n ſo thoſe Martyrs bare an upright Mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all juſt things obedient for to be,
Yet did ſtand up for Chriſt his Sov'raign'ty,
And were reſolv'd in Matters of their Faith,
To worſhip God as holy Scripture ſaith;

Accord-

According to that Light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And tho your Church doth put poor Men to death,
'Twas from the Devil such curst Laws came forth.
The Tares with Wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all curſed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil Persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about
Those murderous Deeds, the Church did not allow,
But utterly against them did avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call;
With fiery *Jesuits*, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and curſed Dispensations
From bloody *Rome*, has ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor hood-wink the World more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.
We clearly now know how to bring our Charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how further, Sir, to excuse
The holy Church, you put me in a muse:
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such Cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whil'ſt againſt his Will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in Chains,
Seems very peaceable, tho he remains
A Wolf in Nature ſtill; if ever he
At any rate can get his Liberty,
Doth ſtraightway run impatient of Delay;
And cannot reſt until he's got his Prey.
So *Rome* ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe
Can find again an Opportunity,
Which with unwearied Pains, and often Trial,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denial;
Which if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſhedding Blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of Love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave
Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkneſs, ſo
That ev'ry one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your Mind,
That little Hopes, alas! of you I find.
But Youth, conſider once again, I pray;
The Troubles of a new approaching day.
For ſore Amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your Purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be ſure
Longer you Hereticks we'll not endure.

Let

Let former Strokes of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That Counſel which in tender Love I give,
That you in Safety evermore may live.
Or you'll repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous Ways of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark, doleful, dangerous Path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake, ſometimes the Waters flow;
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A *Haman* may malicioufly deviſe
Poor *Mordecai* and others to ſurprize,
Yet may his Purpoſes meet with a Blaſt,
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The Fleſh with all its Luſts to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.
The Way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who Haters are of God:
The Way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' Fleſh, yet, 'tis the way to Heaven;
Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are blind,
And can't God's Purpoſe in dark Footſteps mind.
I've a ſure Hand to lead my trampling Paces,
To 'ſcape the Danger of thoſe dang'rous Spaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe by means of my beſt Guide,
Tho thouſands fall by me on ev'ry Side.
For to turn back will prove a doleful Fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand Deaths to die,
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art too ſtrict, too righteous and preciſe,

Thou ſlight'ſt ſuch things which prudent Men do (prize
Thou may'ſt have Chriſt, Pleaſure, and Honours too
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few, alas! are of your Mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor.

You now condemn me for my holy Life,
Wherein 'tis true, I meet with Straits and Strife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'll blame your ſelf, and me you'll juſtifie.
Did ever any on a dying Bed
Lament that they were by God's Spirit led
To crucifie their Sins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If righteous ones, alas! ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In Holineſs to walk; what e'er you ſay,
I from the Paths of Life will never ſtray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtrait,
And leads me alſo through a *Thorny Gate*.
Whoſe ſcraching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to *Heaven*'s by the Gates of *Hell*.
Your Way, 'tis true, ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My Paths ſeem long, your's ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir, beware,
The ſafeſt Path is not always moſt even,
The way to *Hell*'s like to a ſeeming *Heaven*.
Shall proud Fleſh-wantons, for a moment's pleaſure
Expoſe themſelves to Shame, and loſs of Treaſure?
They'll ſpend their Strength, their Gold, and their (Eſtates
Among their ſenſual damn'd helliſh Mates.

Shall

Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
The Joys above be cheaper than a Luſt?
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoyſt his Name
Upon the Wings of Honour and of Fame
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the mouths of Cannons! nought he fears:
With Courage ſtout how will he fight i'th' Flood,
When briniſh Seas are mixt with humane Blood?
Shall wretched Man be at the Devil's Will,
And Dangers run, his Luſt for to fulfil?
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth
Ingage for him with all my Might on Earth?
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs Life
Be judg'd a Trifle, and not worth a Strife?
That which vain Man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much Coſt and Care.
Things of great worth on Earth are got by Pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a Frown,
When full aſſur'd of an eternal Crown?
The Strife which doth an holy Life attend,
Will recompenſed be I'm ſure i'th' end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His Strength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me.

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run
In your ſtrict ways, until you're quite undone;
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak,
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take
The Council which I give; for you'll eſpy
Great Ruine fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh Strictneſs you'll go on;

His

His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your Purpoſe and your Pleaſure be.

Profeſſor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forſake me quite, yet ſtill I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I ſhall ſee ſweet Smiles from his dear Face.
My ſelf and my Relations all, tho dear,
I do deny, ſuch is the Love I bear
To my dear Lord, whoſe Servant now am I,
And do reſolve to be until I die.
Come Life, come Death, for *Canaan* I'll endeavour,
It is my Home, and reſting Place for ever.
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuſe me,
Than that Chriſt Jeſus ſhould at laſt refuſe me.
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,
Than to be caſt into eternal Fire.

Apoſtate.

Fie, fie, young Man, forbear, and take Advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus intice,
For to refuſe thoſe pleaſant things which you
May here enjoy as many others do:
'Tis much too ſoon for thee to mind ſuch things,
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it ſprings;
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Droan,
And thou'l't be ſlighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'ſt thou live at eaſe, and Pleaſure have,
If once theſe ways thou would'ſt reſolve to leave;
And like a Flower flouriſh in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'ſt rejoice and ſing,
And ſpend thy days in Pleaſure ſweet and rare:
I prithee, Youth, conſider, O take care

To

To chear thy Heart; behold now in thy ſight,
What Earthly Joys moſt ſweetly do invite.

Profeſſor.

Young, it is true I am, and in my Prime,
Therefore reſolve for to improve my time:
The Flower of my days do'ſt think, I will
Give to the Devil, Luſt for to fulfil?
Shall Satan have the primeſt of my days,
And put off Chriſt with baſe and vile Delays
Until old Age, and then at laſt preſent
The Dregs of time to him? I'll not conſent
To ſuch vile thoughts, I will not lend an Ear,
I to my Saviour more Affection bear.
Since firſt o' th' living Spring my Soul did drink,
All ſinful Pleaſures in my Noſe do ſtink.
Mere precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am ſlighted for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More Shame than this before his Work was done.
This is my chooſing time, I have made choice,
God's Word I will obey, and hear his Voice,
God's Council 'tis, that firſt of all in Youth
I ſhould him ſeek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counſel I abhor, ſhall luſtful Fire
Be kindled in my Breaſt? ſhall my Deſire
Run out again to *Egypt*'s curſed Stuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas! the Journey's long, you'll weari'd be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Pro-

Profeſſor.

Nay, Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpy.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' Morning I ſet out therefore.
Why didſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? if long the Journey be,
I do reſolve in Youth with ſpeed to ſtrive.
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive.
While Strength and Youth do laſt, I'll bend my Mind
To travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age and weary Limbs, quite out of Caſe
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
Alas! when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin:
When Sun and Moon and Stars all darkned be,
And Clouds return, that we no Light can ſee;
When Rain and Tempeſts do moſt ſore appear,
And th' Keepers of the Houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong Men themſelves are forc'd to bow,
And Grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through Windows which do look about
Are become dim, nay darkned without Light,
And Doors too in the Street are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o'th' Grinder's ſcarcely heard,
He riſeth up too at the Voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care;
And Fears increaſe on thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh:
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a Burden too.

When

When looſed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bole is broken, as we've heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' Wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When Deſire fails, and there, alas! is none,
What will ſuch do who han't this Race begun?
Beſides 'tis clear my days uncertain be,
Old Age alas! I may not live to ſee:
Young Men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould.
My own Experience doth diſcover this,
My Life a Bubble, and a Vapour is.
The Flower which doth ſpread, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have ſtill much Work to do,
Or as you ſay, ſo long a Way to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my Power,
For to improve each day, yea ev'ry hour:
For days to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'll ſpend, not as thou ſpendeſt thine,
My Weights I'll caſt away this Race to run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me Oyl, get Grace in ſtore;
For e'er a while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave; I haſte therefore to meet
The glorious Judg at the great Judgment-ſeat.
I muſt make haſte; be ſwift like to the Sun,
Left that my Work's to do when time is done.

Apoſtate.

To you, young Man, I have declared much
Of the ſad Danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Naught that I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't believe me that's the very Caſe.

But

But what's the reaſon, Youth, ſo many Folk
Decline thoſe Paths in which you now do walk?
Were th' ways of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's naught but meer Conceit,
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
Since wiſe Men daily do your ways forſake,
Be thou adviſ'd and other Counſel take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.
Thouſands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving Taſte,
Who quite away their ſeeming Hopes do caſt.
Their Hearts alas! are rotten and unſound,
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never Sweetneſs found;
But what of this? ſhall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of Promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the Yoke?
Becauſe they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th' Way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain Enjoyments of an evil World?
Or ſhall with Fancies thus my Soul be hurl'd
To think, becauſe that Swine the Grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,

There

There is more worth in those base stinking Grains,
Than in those true *Pearls* which the *Merchant* gains?
Because these silly Men have lost their Way,
Shall I on purpose therefore go astray?
Because that *Judas* did for thirty Pence
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
That for his sake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful Souldiers basely quit the Field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield
Most cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow?
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, resolve therefore
Never to use the Art of Sailing more?
Because the Sluggard sees the Winds do blow,
The Rain descending with cold Hail and Snow;
He doth give o'er, and says, no longer will
Remain i'th' Field his barren Land to till?
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like Ground,
Who have oft-times by good Experience found,
Without they sow, no Harvest they can have,
Resolve the painful Labours quite to leave?
He that won't plow, because o'th' Snow and Rain,
Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain:
So in like sort, to mind my present Case,
'Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace
Do 'postatize as you your self have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
Some base Corruptions, doth this therefore prove,
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
Whose Souls experience do the second Birth?

I for my part through Grace have this to ſay,
I never ſhall, nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſt of Heaven:
The Promiſe of eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac* even ſo are Heirs,
Who could not miſs nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs God's Word's made a meer Nullity;
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our Wants on ev'ry Hand:
Sin ſhall not reign, ſuch is our happy Caſe,
We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.
This Covenant is not like to the Old.
We of a ſurer Perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that old Man again.
Our Credit's nothing worth, but our Surety
Is in our Room, our Wants he muſt ſupply.
Beſides all this, I'll hint another thing,
Which to my Soul doth much Refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
Will finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good Work begun,
Will perfect it alſo e'er he has done.
Within God's Saints eternal Life doth dwell,
This would remove the Doubt, conſider'd well:
Thoſe unto whom eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to 'breviate 'tis my Intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe to frame one Argument,
If the new Creature in the Souls of Men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in Nature it be ſure, muſt be,
Which cannot Death, or like Mutation ſee;

But

But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the third doth make most plain appear.
Thy Seed also doth in their Souls remain,
They cannot sin to Death who're born again;
God's Fear moreover is so in their Heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.
Thus is my Standing very firm and sure,
And to the end I know I shall endure:
And as for those who fall away and die,
I shall discover clearly by and by,
What kind of Men and Women they are all,
Which will hold forth the Cause too of their Fall.

Apostate.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Those Persons Names which you did lastly meet,
Who finally resolve for to retreat,
And leave those Paths which you seem to commend,
Come, speak to this, and we will make an end.

Professor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear
As if they Cowards and faint hearted were;
Under their Tongues also close, secretly,
Some pleasant Morsels I am sure, do lie:
And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray, Youth, have a Care,
For they sincere and sober People are.
And I do question, whether yea, or nay
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,

And

And ſince you urge me, I reſolve to tell
What kind of Folk they are, and alſo tell
Their Names diſcover unto great and ſmall;
Maſter *Fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality*.
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*,
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief* a very wicked Man,
Turn him out of his Way, there's no Man can:
Beſides them alſo there's one *Earthly-heart*,
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint-heart*, moſt profane,
That ſells his Birthright, Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a Man whom I do find
Fleſh-pots and Onions he doth chiefly mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have nought but what ſhe liketh beſt:
Maſter *Hot-love ſoon cold* alſo was there,
Lately for Zeal with him few could compare;
There's *Iſhmael Legal-heart*, in truth alſo,
When Troubles riſe, he ſtrait away doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Jeſus leave
The Wages of Unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some People alſo I have lately met,
Who were with Sin moſt eaſily beſet;
And divers heavy Weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o'er.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
Whoſe Trade was great, and Store he had of Gold.
He's going back with Sorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and the World too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt* that I think's his Name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,

That

That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
Which doth no Comfort nor no Profit bring:
This is too true, you alſo are the Man,
To clear your ſelf deny it if you can;
No Marvel 'tis you play the Devil's Part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my Heart,
And blind mine Eyes, if that thou kneweſt how:
Thoud'ſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with thee for to engage,
Who ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A Foe more vile than you, what Soul can meet?
I'll therefore bring you down unto my Feet.
Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
Tho like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought I muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that I ſhould have met with Oppoſition
With ſuch a Foe to add to my Affliction.
But ſince this is my ſad unhappy Fate,
I'll add a Line or two to vindicate
The dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me
I'll vindicate that glorious Deity;
Who in my Soul his Image ſo has ſet;
That I his glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
What Soul can ſuch a ſinful Wretch abide?
Who ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow.
Haſt thou got ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter

On the Debate? yea, durſt thou to adventure,
To o'pe thy Mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine which clearly do aſcend
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah*'s Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh Lad, do'ſt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmay'd
By ſilly Dreams and Fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i'th night:
Who ſtartle at the Shadow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near when 'tis a Tree?
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
What my Opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God, for none at all I fear.
No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The Souls of holy Men when they do die:
Nor is there any Hell of Miſery
For Sinners after Death, as you conceit;
All is nought elſe ſave a Religious Cheat.

Profeſſor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
Deny, and tread upon? ſuch Inſolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can ſhew the like;
Where ſo much light hath been! ſhall Mortals ſtrike
At the great God and Glorious Deity?
Whoſe dreadful Being and Exiſtency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them moſt plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glaſs
May there behold who his Creator was.

'Tis

'Tis time to arm my ſelf, and look about,
When by an Atheiſt I am challeng'd out:
When th' whole of all Religion lies at Stake
'Tis time to rouſe, and alſo for to ſhake
Off Sloth and Idleneſs, and to ingage
With ſuch a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.
If once I ſhould unto an Atheiſt yield,
And treach'rouſly alſo acquit the Field;
The ſtrongeſt Hold of Truth betray ſhould I
Into the Hands of its worſt Enemy:
And ſhould unman my ſelf of Chriſtian too,
And my dear Soul of Reaſon overthrow.
I ſhould debaſe my ſelf, ſhould I deny
My noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefeſt Glory ſprings from's ſupream Head,
In his Deſcent from him who made and bred
And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,
From hence Man doth his greateſt Honour gain.
'Tis Power divine that Man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Univerſe.
Who e'er diſowns his bleſſed Pedegree.
Doth prove himſelf unnat'ral for to be.
For Man to ſay he came by Hap or Chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himſelf alſo he doth depoſe thereby,
From his own Honour and rare Dignity;
And vile Contempt upon himſelf doth bring,
As well as Dirt upon that Eſſence fling,
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my Helping Hand;
In the Defence of ſacred Truth to ſtand,
And vindicate my great Creator's Cauſe,
By Nature's Light, and alſo by thoſe Laws,

Which

Which ſupernat'ral are, and moſt Divine,
Whoſe Light excels, yea, and whoſe Glories ſhine
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God; attend, and now give Ear,
And weigh my Arguments and Reaſons ſound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And Reaſon quite deſtroy, as he hath done,
Leſt to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apoſtate.

Before you do proceed, this you muſt know,
If you a God do think to prove or ſhow,
Be ſure of this, young Man, it muſt not be
By Scripture-proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never ſhall that way my Heart deceive:
The Knowledg which you ſupernat'ral call,
Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Profeſſor.

Tho ſupernat'ral Knowledg you deſpiſe,
And count God's holy Word to be but Lies:
I briefly ſhall ſtand up in its Defence,
And ſhew your Pride and curſed Inſolence.
That all may love God's Word, prize it, and ſee
Its Worth and Weight, and its Authority
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right Way to Heaven:
One thing of you i'th' firſt place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully underſtand
When this ſuppoſed Cheat did firſt commence,
And in what part o'th' World, bring Evidence.
Egypt ſtands mute, ſaith, it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.

*** Ask

Ask all the Heathens too, in ev'ry Age,
If their Philoſophers brought't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring't to Light,
Or elſe confeſs your Darkneſs worſe than Night.
'Tis ſtrange that ſuch an univerſal Cheat
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how, nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe;
Since all the World ſtands ſilent, and is mute,
This might a Period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The holy Scriptures, who juſt Proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
What ground have you the Scriptures to deny?
The Scriptures alſo, I obſerve, have been
Strangely preſerved by a Pow'r unſeen:
In ev'ry Age, kept both in Word and Senſe
From ſecret Fraud, and open Violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open Foes.
No wicked or malicious Men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, tho they did endeavour.
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*;
Thorow whoſe Hands, to us the Scriptures come:
Tho guilty of moſt vile Abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation,
Their curſed Sins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tollerate:
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And ſo be kept from ſad Reproach and Shame,

They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;
And make the Senſe of Scriptures to agree
With Time and Place as he moſt fit doth ſee.
How free thoſe ſacrilegious Monſters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguiſh clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their Light;
And fill the World with an eternal Night.
But we may ſee, altho it made its way
Thorow thoſe muddy Channels, yet have they
Been ſtill kept pure, and ſtill remain a Law
To keep moſt Men ſave bloody Popes in awe.
Now if againſt ſo many Enemies,
Who us'd all Means that Devils could deviſe
T' obliterate that Soul-informing Word,
It was preſerv'd, but not by humane Sword.
How dare you, Sir, preſume for to deny
Its bleſſed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reaſon I ſhall urge,
Which proves God's Word Divine, as I do judg,
'Tis taken from that Influence they have
Upon their Hearts whom God intends to ſave;
It turns them from thoſe curſed Ways of Sin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of Darkneſs into Light,
Yea, and diſcovers Jeſus to their Sight,
Filling their Souls with inward Life and Peace,
And precious Joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to thoſe who ſtood up for his Word,
Moſt clearly ſhews, Methinks to ev'ry Eye
The Scriptures true, and their Authority

To be Divine, whatever you may ſay,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been ſupported in the Flames?
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did ſtir up ten for one,
To ſtand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoice, Sir, in the Fire
Which made their very Enemies admire.
Wouldſt thou one Inſtance have, I could give two;
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I ſhould, I'm ſure I ſhould tranſgreſs,
And overcharge th' Appendix and the Preſs.
And therefore I will add one reaſon more
To prove God's Word Divine, and ſo give o'er.
How has the Scripture made the Atheiſt quake,
And all his Limbs with dreadful Horror ſhake!
When on a Death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conſcience waking, in their Face did fly;
Tho in their Health they did it much deſpiſe,
And did affirm it was made up with Lies:
Yet has it made them howl at laſt, and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the Writting on the Wall;
Which did foretel profane *Belſhazzar*'s Fall;
Which was ſo terrible, yea, and ſo ſtrange,
It wrought amongſt them a moſt ſudden Change.
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earneſtly deſire
To hear it read, nought then would ſerve his turn;
But an Interpreter: his Heart did burn,
His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.

Thus thoſe that wont confeſs *Jehovah*'s Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter Shame.
And thoſe who will not of God's Word allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow.
Theſe being weigh'd, may make you quite give o'er,
Yea, and God's Word thus to oppoſe no more:
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid,
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnify.
But to leave this a little, and deſcend
To Man's own Reaſon which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby
Find out, dear Sir, God's glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might ariſe,
And hate alſo this Soul-deſtroying Evil,
Thus ſiding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens, Youth, were Men of fame;
Who for their Skill in Nature had the Name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God, or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*;
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,
And ſuch like Atheiſts, I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories ſhew;
Philoſophy is good, but Men abuſe it,
When they, like thoſe old Heathen Authors, uſe it,

God

God doth sometimes Mens Reasons darken quite,
For not improving of the Means of Light.
To vile Affections up God doth them give,
Because on Earth like Brutes they seem to live.
But tho these Natural Sots could not espy
By all their Skill th' Eternal Deity;
Yet many thousand Heathens, I might show
By Nature's Light alone did come to know
There was a God, they searched so about
Into God's Works, they found his Godhead out:
For when they gave themselves up seriously
To study Nature's Book, and come to pry
Into the Cause of all things here on Earth,
And their Effects, did clearly see the Birth
Or first Original of ev'ry thing,
From such an Essence to descend or spring.
The very Novices in Nature's School,
May soon convince that Man to be a Fool,
Tho by the Creature's Glory can't discern
The Being of that dreadful Soveraign,
Who did them form and make, for ev'ry where
His glorious God-head they to all declare;
Had I but time, I could some Pages fill,
And shew to you how that Man's Reason will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The Nature of his Soul, this he might find,
Man's Soul is like a Spring, or like to Fire,
It resteth not aloft, it does aspire,
And unto *Noah*'s Dove, I'll it compare,
God is the Ark, Souls Rest alone is there.
The Flesh dams up the Spring, quenches Desire,
Keeps out o'th' Ark to which it would retire.

Since I perceive Man's Soul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher Good and Being out;
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us God's glorious Being ſhow.
But to conclude this, no Man can diſown,
God by his Judgments daily is made known.
What ſad Examples daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almoſt ev'ry where?
Some Drunkards and Blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others with ſtrange Judgments tortured?
Some have preſum'd the Holy God to dare,
Whom he would not one little minute ſpare.
If this will not convince you of your Error,
I fear you will e'er long fall under Terror;
For if you will not now Example take,
God may of you a ſad Example make.
Your State, alas! above all Men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch Knowledg had,
And of his Ways, which now you loath and hate.
O Sir, conſider this your woful State;
And cry to God, if peradventure he
May give you Grace, whereby your Soul may ſee
Your hainous Sin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your days are ſpent.

Apoſtate.

I muſt confeſs, I know not what to ſay:
If there's a God, then curſed be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will Mercy ſhow:
I now reſolve to open my Condition,
Tho all's in vain; for there is no Contrition

Will

Will do me good, I utterly am loſt;
For I have ſinn'd againſt the Holy Ghoſt:
I wilfully have ſinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlaſting Pains.
O that there were no God! for then ſhould I
Be like the Beaſt when e'er I come to die.
For Love o'th' World, and for my preſent Eaſe
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No Reſt, nor Comfort ever ſhall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From theſe good ways in which, dear Youth, you go,
Or ever I did God or Jeſus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My Sin would not ſo hainous now appear:
My Conſcience doth prick me to the Heart,
I never ſhall be eaſed of this ſmart.
O that I were in Hell! for then ſhould I
Soon ſee the worſt of my Extremity.
Thou ſhalt, dear Youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art choſen from Eternity,
To be an Heir of the Eternal Bliſs,
But I alas! am damn'd! what Woe like this?
The Devil with his gliſt'ring golden Ball
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I ſee my Fall
To be ſo bad, no Tongue can it expreſs;
My woful Pain is quite remedileſs.
The Checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved Darkneſs, greatly hated Light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Tho I of him had hints oft-times moſt clear;
And now will he my Soul in pieces tear,
And make me his eternal Vengeance bear.

Let

Let all Backſliders of me Warning take,
Before they fall into the Stygian Lake;
Yea, and return, and make with God their Peace,
Before the days of Grace and Mercy ceaſe:
For mine are paſt for ever, O! condole
My ſad Eſtate, and miſerable Soul.
My days will quickly end, and I muſt lie
Broyling in Flames to all Eternity.

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